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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE RATIONALE OF COALITION.

THE general questions connected with the state of affairs arising from the resignation of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL are very interesting and important. They require and receive separate discussion. But the particular incidents of the late and present situation and the successive rumours which have been set afloat are perhaps best handled by themselves, especially as at least one solid and positive result has been attained—the postponement of the opening of Parliamentary business. This postponement will not, in all probability, grieve any one except perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE and a few fervent Gladstonians. Blasphemy as the sentiment may seem, a majority of sensible Englishmen probably think that matters, as a rule, go on at least as well when Parliament is not sitting as when it is; and the certainty that, as soon as the House of Commons meets, a perfectly unscrupulous Opposition will take every opportunity of damaging the interests of the country at home and abroad by word, and, if possible, by deed, is not likely to make the desire for the Session keener. It is in the very highest degree probable that little good will be done when Parliament begins, so that there is no need to hasten the beginning in order to lengthen the list of legislative tinkering on which Mr. GLADSTONE dilates so complacently in his answer to the new *Locksley Hall*.

At the same time the effect, like some concomitant effects, may seem at first sight disproportionate to the cause. It is now quite certain that the resignation of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer produced far less effect in the country at large than some people expected and perhaps wished. The surprise, the consternation, the collapse, and all the rest of it which were promptly telegraphed to some London papers, and perhaps believed to exist by some London politicians, dwindled remarkably when the facts came to be examined. No wholesale exit of Ministers took place, no excited mobs of Tory Democrats demanded Lord RANDOLPH's return or Lord SALISBURY's head. And even foreign critics, after at first naturally following the not altogether disinterested lead of English Gladstonian journals, began to see that the matter was not in itself so serious as it seemed. Yet steps of great importance have, no doubt, been taken in consequence of it; and it thus presents the very curious spectacle of an incident whose real consequences have been greater than its effect on general opinion. The Tory party and the Tory Ministry are not apparently weaker for the loss of Lord RANDOLPH's services; yet the certainly unusual step of postponing the meeting of Parliament, and the still more unusual step of inviting a reconstruction of the Ministry with the concurrence of outsiders, have been taken. If the most imaginative of the quidnuncs could be believed, even general resignation, even dissolution, have been in the air—which would certainly be a disproportion of cause and effect even greater than anything which is alleged, or need be believed, to have actually happened. In the first place, it need hardly be said that resignation or dissolution would practically justify Lord RANDOLPH's estimate of himself; in the second place, the exposing of the country to the danger of a Gladstonian majority would be little short of a crime; in the third place, there is hardly anything to be gained in any conceivable state of things by such a course. There is no doubt that the Conservatives would go to the country damaged, not by Lord RANDOLPH's act, for which they were guiltless, and which they can afford well enough, but by their own.

And though it is not at all impossible that the Unionist Liberals might profit, it would be in part at Conservative expense. Indeed, without some very cogent and at present quite unknown motive, the proceeding would be wholly absurd. Lord SALISBURY is at the head of a party by far the largest of any party now in Parliament; larger than any two of the other three parties, and practically possessed of the proxies of one of them on the most important questions, proxies just renewed, and which give him an actual majority. Nothing that he has done has met with the disapproval of the country; much that he has done has met with the approval of the country. To retire from office, to put the nation to the trouble, annoyance, and expense of a third electoral contest in so short a time, would be an inexplicable blunder.

At the same time, there may be very good reasons for the steps which the Cabinet has actually taken, even though every one may have been prepared to hear that Lord HARTINGTON declined to meet them half-way. Had the so-called appeal to Lord HARTINGTON been made for the first time after Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's desertion, it would no doubt have been a serious and a very inopportune confession of weakness. Had there been no other reasons for delaying the assembling of Parliament, that step also might wear the appearance of flurry and dismay. But in the present state both of foreign and of Irish affairs it is a distinct gain that Parliament should not be sitting, and the proposal of coalition is one which, as is notorious, was made to Lord HARTINGTON long ago, when Lord RANDOLPH had shown no signs of insubordination and in the first flush of the Gladstonian defeat. It was made, of course, on some stronger motive than the mere exigencies of the moment. Not merely from the result of the two last elections, but from the general course of politics, almost all rational men have seen that one of two things is impending in England—either the breaking up of the party system altogether into a Continental chaos of groups, or its reconstitution on lines by no means identical with the present lines. No one can doubt that, if a conflict between the admirers of mere government by *plebiscite* and the upholders of constitutional order does not take place, if there is a simple surrender, it will be because some at least of the latter party are too irresolute or too selfish or too wedded to obsolete and mainly nominal party shibboleths to join their natural allies and make common cause against the enemy. That enemy (represented in different ways by Mr. GLADSTONE, by Mr. LABOUCHERE, and by others) is not at all likely to see the error of his ways; it is only a question whether he will be allowed to go on in the said error for want of combined and vigorous resistance. In other words, Lord HARTINGTON may not join Lord SALISBURY to-day or to-morrow or the next day. But if at some day not very distant the forces which are personified by Lord HARTINGTON do not join the forces which are personified by Lord SALISBURY, then the other forces, the forces of revolution, will have it more or less their own way. If jealousy of the merely personal or petty kind on either side hinders or postpones the coalition, then those responsible for that jealousy will have a very heavy responsibility indeed.

It is, therefore, not at all as a sudden "Come over and help us," as a spasmodic kind of throwing out of the arms when the man is tripped up, that any offers which may really have been made to the Whigs should be regarded, but as the pursuance of an old plan on a new occasion. The occasion was all the more suitable that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is

well known always to have been the most *ingrata persona* to the Moderate Liberals of the whole Conservative party. The new invitation appears to have had no more effect than the old, and, as no one can judge Lord HARTINGTON's private motives and reasons but himself, or at least without possessing his own exposition of them, it is not necessary to use any hard words about his refusal. The immediate practical difficulty is of course limited to providing for the leadership of the Commons. There are plenty of financiers in the Conservative party, even if Mr. GOSCHEN be not requisitioned, and plenty of capable candidates for any post that might be vacated by Lord RANDOLPH's successor. But the Leadership of the House, with Lord RANDOLPH as a candid friend behind, is naturally felt to be a very different matter. As to this it can only be said that of all positions in politics this particular position is the one as to which it is most difficult to judge a man's capacity beforehand. It can hardly be said that Lord RANDOLPH, clever as he is and well as, on the whole, he got through his task, showed himself a heaven-born leader. And if there are not five hundred good as he, there might be one or two. Certain kinds of legal work in particular are a very good preparation for this post, though, oddly enough, lawyers have been by no means numerously represented among its holders. But these minor difficulties will pass. The major will remain, and it can only be solved sooner or later by an anti-Gladstonian coalition, taking Gladstonian as a convenient synonym for all that is worst in Radicalism, including all that is best. The sooner the better. If it be later, it may perhaps be too late.

#### LORD RANDOLPH'S REASONS.

THE moral judgment which may be formed on Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's resignation has a strong personal interest; but the immediate prospects of the Government which he has deserted have greater practical importance. The effect of Lord RANDOLPH's recent conduct on his future career concerns only himself and any body of politicians which may hereafter be disposed to trust or employ him. His own apology, which, to the general surprise, was published in two or three leading articles of the *Times*, if it is understood in its literal sense, must be rejected as utterly frivolous. No Minister in his position can be excused for throwing over his colleagues and his Parliamentary supporters because the majority of his colleagues may have approved of certain naval and military Estimates. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is not in the last resort entitled to judge how many cruisers are required for the security of English and colonial commerce. It is the duty of the War Department to determine, subject to an appeal to the Prime Minister and the Cabinet, whether there is an urgent necessity for fortifying coal stations in various parts of the world. The proverbial rule of cutting the coat according to the cloth has no application to national requirements. The supply of cloth is unlimited, though it ought not to be wasted, and the service which it is designed to render may well be indispensable. Whether Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's calculations were or were not sounder than those of Mr. SMITH, of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, and of Lord SALISBURY, the weight of authority was on the side of security, or, in legal phrase, of abundant caution. The evil of making insufficient provision for the public service might obviously have been greater than an unnecessary demand on the taxpayer of two or three millions. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's persistence in his claim to overrule his colleagues is the more surprising as the items in dispute provided for the fortification of coaling stations. When the risk or certainty of a political catastrophe is thrown into the scale it is scarcely credible that the disruption of a great party can be rightly attributed to a detail of the Budget.

It is not necessary to question the competence or the good faith of the journalist who has repeatedly asserted, as on Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's authority, that his secession was solely caused by financial scruples. All men are liable to mistake the relative force of complicated motives on which they may have acted. No observant man of the world in the intercourse of ordinary life implicitly trusts explanations or excuses, even though he believes them to be sincere. As he knows by experience, the apologist involuntarily overlooks his own mistakes of judgment and faults of temper. If Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL objected to the decisions of the

Cabinet on more than one important question, he can scarcely be certain that he resigned in consequence of a comparatively insignificant difference of opinion. The new allies who welcome his desertion have during the last week constantly reiterated the plausible assertion that the Local Government Bill, and not the proposed expenditure on the army and navy, supplied the occasion of the quarrel. According to the *Daily News*, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had ascertained in conversation with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that the Radical Unionists would oppose a Ministerial measure of which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL himself disapproved. The statement must be received with hesitation, because it seems to imply a violation by some official personage of the secrecy of the Cabinet; but the interview with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN probably occurred, and the consequences, as illustrated by Lord RANDOLPH's resignation, may be probably conjectured. Minor causes of irritation may have contributed to the untoward result. The late disquisition on the Coal and Wine Dues, and the sneers at the Board of Works and the Corporation with which it concluded, produced a natural feeling of uneasiness in a party which relies largely on the support of the London constituencies. To appease the possible alarm of electors and metropolitan authorities, the HOME SECRETARY shortly afterwards took occasion to eulogize the two great London Corporations, and incidentally to recognize the value of improvements effected with the aid of the Coal Dues. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was not likely to be gratified by a virtual contradiction which probably expressed the opinion of the Cabinet.

If it were possible to imagine a sufficient defence of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's retirement, the mischief which has been inflicted on the Government, the Conservative party, and the country would be neither removed nor in any degree mitigated. It happens that, although great differences of opinion exist as to his qualifications for high position, his abandonment of his friends is a grave political misfortune. As a Finance Minister it would not be difficult to supply his place. Though he could have had no technical knowledge of the business of his department, he is a rapid student, and his qualifications were equal to those of his immediate predecessor. No other Minister is so effectively helped by his subordinates as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The permanent staff of the office provide him with the necessary statistics and calculations; and, if their chief were indolent or incapable, they would be fully competent to frame a presentable Budget. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL would have done well to postpone for another year the opportunity of making a financial reputation. When he was in Opposition, he denounced the extravagance of successive Ministries as loudly as their general shortcomings, and he pledged himself to effect great reductions of expenditure. If it was thought necessary to vindicate his consistency in at least one important branch of policy, he might nevertheless have renewed his draft on the confidence of rigid economists for another year. When the term had elapsed, he might have undertaken the task of retrenchment with the advantage of official experience. It was probable also that by that time it might have been necessary to employ his superfluous energies in some other direction.

The loss of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's services as leader of the House of Commons is more difficult to supply. Imperfectly informed, and wanting in serious convictions, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had the rare qualification of spirit, of originality, and of an ability approaching to genius. During the short experience of last Session he disappointed unfriendly anticipations by a statesman-like reticence and by a tact which enabled him to deal with friends and enemies. If it seemed possible that he might embarrass his colleagues by rash promises and imprudent utterances, he offered them in compensation a guidance to which they had not been accustomed since the retirement of Mr. DISRAELI to the Upper House. Judicious riders tolerate skittishness and even vice in a horse who has pace and spirit. The Conservatives reasonably congratulated themselves on their acquisition of a leader who could be trusted in case of need to carry the war into the enemy's quarters. The belief in his powers which was entertained by the bulk of the party was confirmed by the high price which Lord SALISBURY had felt it his duty to pay for his support. In 1885 Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL insisted successfully on the substitution of Sir MICHAEL HICKES-BRACH for Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as Leader and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and two or three minor offices, including the place of Solicitor-General, were given



to his friends and followers. When the present Ministry was formed during last summer, the organization of the Cabinet was readjusted in accordance with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's ambitious demands. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH, who had not conspicuously succeeded as Leader, undertook with patriotic self-denial the arduous office of Irish Secretary, while Lord RANDOLPH assumed the lead of the House of Commons in place of his former nominee.

The confusion and discouragement which have ensued on Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's desertion form the best excuse for the extreme deference which was on two occasions paid to his claims. There is only one remaining Minister of equal or superior ability, and, unfortunately, Lord SALISBURY is excluded from the House of Commons. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH, even if he were qualified to resume his former post, cannot without grave inconvenience be spared from his difficult duties in Ireland. Of his colleagues in the House of Commons, not one possesses all the necessary qualifications, though Mr. SMITH would be a respectable leader, especially as the Government is still justified in relying on the support of the moderate section of Liberal Unionists. The Parnellites and the Gladstonites have during the recess been additionally discredited by the outrageous conduct of the Irish Nationalists. It is indeed possible that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL may join their ranks; but his accession to the Radical party would assuredly not increase the confidence which may be reposed in Mr. GLADSTONE. The last Conservative leader who could at one period of his career be stigmatized as an adventurer was, notwithstanding the unsteadiness of his opinions, conspicuous for his fidelity to his party.

#### THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

THERE is, as everybody knows, a widespread and laudable desire to do something of an enduring kind to commemorate the fiftieth year of HER MAJESTY's reign. It may be ungracious to say so, but it also appears to be the case that many of HER MAJESTY's effusively loyal subjects seem to combine a desire to do something complimentary to her with the doing of some other thing useful to themselves. In certain quarters a much-needed increase in salary has even been put forward as the most fitting of all possible memorials. Everywhere there is a conviction that whatever is done ought to be big and lasting. A work of art is not suggested by anybody happily, and so there is no considerable danger that any addition will be made to the least fortunate of the memorials of HER MAJESTY's reign. The biggest thing suggested has, as was only right, attracted the most attention, and got the nearest to being carried out. To do something, to build something, to endow something which would, in some way to be hereafter explained, represent the mother-country, the Colonies, and India, and would moreover endure for ever as a centre of amusement and instruction, would be a considerable feat. As anything which would be likely to bring England and her Colonies together deserves every kind of encouragement, this scheme has been well received, and, if nobody very clearly understood how it was to be done, they were only the more disposed to wait for the Report of the Committee. This body has now published its suggestions for the foundation, organization, and government of the Imperial Institute of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and India. An eminently respectable list of names appears at the foot of the document, and now everybody can judge for himself what the Imperial Institute is likely to be, and how far it will serve its excellent purpose.

It is certainly without surprise that we discover, on carefully reading the Report, that the Imperial Institute when it is built will, in fact, be another branch of the Kensington Museum. The choice of neighbourhood was, it seems, compulsory. If only financial considerations had allowed it, the Committee would greatly have preferred to have placed their building on the Embankment, or in Trafalgar Square, or on the site of Christ's Hospital. None of these places could be got for less than from a quarter to half a million, and so there was nothing for it but to fall back on "the property in South Kensington belonging to the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851." This was most unfortunate, for the atmosphere of that region has never been found healthy for Institutes of any kind. On a careful examination of the Report, however, it will be seen to have been inevitable. To speak quite frankly,

indeed, this document has a somewhat ominous resemblance to many others we can remember published when one or another addition was about to be made to South Kensington. Since that institution began it has always been going to elevate everybody's mind by object-lessons and relaxation of an intellectual character, but somehow or another its efforts have too commonly resulted in nothing better than the encouragement of a good deal of superficial talk and the opening of more or less agreeable lounges. There are even persons who have solid financial reasons for knowing the melancholy history of the Albert Hall, which was to do such great things for English music. The "Colinderies" had their attractions for people who find a pleasure in seeing miles of glass case, in tramping about on gravel paths in a mob, and listening to wind instruments. There were stories of the old familiar South Kensington kind about even that one of its developments. The report does not show how friendly relations between England and the Colonies would be in any way forwarded by the establishment of a permanent "Colinderies," and that may be the end of the Imperial Institute of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and India. The whole Report is so little original that one wonders it took the Committee so long to draw it up. There are to be a Colonial branch and a United Kingdom branch, both designed to spread knowledge of "their progress and social condition," or, again, "to afford such stimulus and knowledge as will lead to still further development, and thus increase the," &c., &c. These things are to be done by opening a big collection of specimens, by giving lectures, by promoting discussions, by absorbing the Colonial Institute and Royal Asiatic Society if possible, and by organizing a species of workman's technical high school or even university. The brief general observation sums up in the true South Kensington style. "An Imperial Institute for the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and India would fail in its chief object if it did not constantly keep in view that it ought to be a centre for diffusing and extending knowledge in relation to the industrial resources and commerce of the Empire." We are furiously afraid of South Kensington in its character of centre for the diffusion and extension of knowledge. It would be a great pity if the Imperial Institute should simply be one more barrack in the neighbourhood of Brompton, with galleries full of specimens which nobody looked at except maidservants and children, or halls in which more or less distinguished persons delivered popular lectures. A thing of this sort might be harmless, though its ambition need go no higher than that; but whether it would tend to promote the general interests of the Empire may be doubted, and it is beyond question that it would not be either a dignified or a beautiful memorial of HER MAJESTY's Jubilee. Why should what would, after all, very soon resolve itself into a show for London excite any considerable amount of enthusiasm at Brisbane? If it was more than a show, it would be because it could be utilized, as the Exhibitions of late years have been, for purposes of advertisement. Of course this would subserve a practical object, and might make it no bad representative of the Victorian age; but then it would be fatal to the Institute's claims to be a compliment to HER MAJESTY.

Criticism of an unfriendly character may seem to come somewhat late since the scheme has been elaborated and published by a Committee including such names as Lord CARNARVON's and Mr. GOSCHEN's. Mr. MERRIMAN, in a letter to the *Times* published on the same day as the Report of the Committee, has said that any scheme authorized by such names would meet with support in England. He is probably right, but Mr. MERRIMAN himself has suggested an alternative altogether superior to the Imperial Institute. His proposal is to endow a Colonial College at an English University. Galleries full of specimens in bottles and glass-cases can be set up anywhere. Popular lectures are as easy to start as newspapers. An English University is a thing altogether by itself, and can be reproduced nowhere. What Mr. MERRIMAN means when he describes them as having been at some period the homes of sectarianism may be guessed, but in other respects he is thoroughly sound in his appreciation of them. In his own words, "they represent something which wealth cannot buy, and which, with all the will in the world, neither America nor the Colonies can reproduce. Generations have gone towards building up the traditions of such places, which are bound up with our national life in the past, and it would be a worthy and a fitting thing that the name of Queen VICTORIA should be linked with an institution that should give to future generations of English-speaking people an

"interest and an inheritance in places so full of the intellectual memories of the past and the labours of those who have gone before them, and by so doing should offer an enduring proof of the union of every portion of the British Empire in the interests of education and enlightenment." That sounds much better than a permanent "Colinderies," with or without a brass band. It hardly needs Mr. MERRIMAN's word to prove that the various Colonies have very slight direct relations with one another except through England. A Colonial College at Oxford or Cambridge would bring men from all the Colonies together, and give them an experience in common. If they were at all like a good many Englishmen, they would think and talk of nothing else but their college as long as they lived, whereby a certain part of each colony would have an enduring subject of common interest. After all, that is what the Imperial Institute of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and India is meant to supply. Of the two proposed ways the wise subscriber will prefer Mr. MERRIMAN's, but it is probably the Committee's which will secure the longest list.

#### AN INTERVIEWER'S APOLOGY.

NEWSPAPERS, the philosopher declares, are already the scourge of the human race. People get fascinated by newspapers; they can read nothing but newspapers; no printed book not full of the latest news, the latest gossip, the latest comment on the latest gossip has a chance of attention.

Each daily brings its petty dust  
Our soon-choked souls to fill,

Mr. ARNOLD might have said with perfect truth. But the dust may be more or less grimy, may fly in bigger or smaller particles, may have a few grains of gold in it, or may merely be rich in the germs of every kind of pestilence. An American journalist, who defends his native press in the January number of *Time* (probably his native press will not thank him) suggests to us that England has still something to be grateful for. Our daily dust might be still more infinitely impalpable, more rich in germs, more all-pervading, more grimy, than it actually is. The American dust, according to the American pressman, whom we do not accept as an authority, is as finely powdered and, to our mind, it is as disagreeable, as any dust in the world. At home we have only the infinitely little, the speeches of infinitesimal members of Parliament, the "disclaimers" of advertising notoriety, the details about actresses' raiment, the interviews with fast women and fasting men. In America matters yet more minute occupy the press. The pressmen regard their paper "as the University man regards the Alma Mater," or as the British sailor regards the Union Jack. And how does this devotion declare itself? Why the children of this Alma Mater, the brood of *Acta Diurna*, "are unscrupulous, ravenous detectives in their search for all that may interest the public." In England a newspaperman may still be a man of letters, and need not be a reporter. A reporter may still be an honest person of sense and discretion, not "an unscrupulous, ravenous detective." But, according to American ideas, "all persons connected with the literary portion of a newspaper are reporters." We sincerely trust and believe that this statement of the anonymous journalist does not represent American ideas correctly. In America, as in England or France, there must be hundreds of writers in newspapers who would no more make copy out of facts that come to their private knowledge than they would defraud their laundresses. But the recent affair of Mr. LOWELL and Mr. HAWTHORNE shows what this theory that all journalists are reporters might lead to if it were really held by all concerned.

"To satisfy the craving for speed is the object of the journalist's highest ambition," says the writer in *Time*. What an ambition! It is not wit, not wisdom, not humour, not clear thought and balanced ideas, that the journalist is ambitious of supplying. "To satisfy the craving for speed" suffices him. And what becomes of style in the hurly-burly? Nay, what becomes of grammar? The American journalist unconsciously answers the question. Here is an example of his grammar when he is writing with all the leisure of a monthly magazine:—"It is to this cause that the immense number of newspapers in the United States must be accounted for." Even elementary education is not, apparently, indispensable. Here is another example:—

"The employment of words capable of misconstruction, of phrases liable to be misconstrued, of involved sentences, are stringently tabooed." Apparently the employment of phrases that cannot be construed at all "are not" tabooed.

If these things be "tabooed," what things are desired? Why "a talk with three physicians, who were attending the late General GRANT." A little conversation on cancer of the tongue is a charming "item." "The daily happenings," "the smallest occurrences of everyday life"—these are printed to please a truly idiotic taste. The colour of the President's wife's gloves, and every harmless usual incident of her private life (if the word "private" still has a meaning), these things are snapped up and proclaimed on the house-top by "unscrupulous ravenous detectives." It can hardly be thought that the American public at large likes this kind of thing, but the newspaper-men think so, and supply it. In England, we only want this sort of garbage now and then, and not every day, and only when it is not only personal but unspeakably offensive. Moreover, the newspaper detectives here are still a small set of gutter-haunters; it cannot even be pretended that it is necessary for all men who write to be "ravenous detectives."

#### THE STATE OF FOREIGN POLITICS.

THERE may be said to be no doubt whatever in the minds of impartial and competent persons that the state of European politics ought of itself to have constituted a sufficient bar to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's resignation of office. The scarcely exhaustive knowledge which the late Chancellor of the Exchequer possesses of this, as of some other branches of political knowledge, may afford some sort of excuse for him; but it must be at best a lame one. There has always existed in England a kind of contempt for the study of this particular subject—a contempt fostered by recent Liberalism for many years, intensified by recent Radicalism, though fortunately not by the ablest and most influential representatives of that Radicalism, and (it must be confessed, sometimes justified) by those who addict themselves to the study itself. There is nothing more earnestly to be desired than the growth in England of more rational views. Nobody wishes to magnify the office or the merits of the quidnuncs or coffee-house politicians who, from the days of Mr. NISBY to the days of Mr. JAWKINS, have been the butt of satirists. It is perfectly true that a vast number of the rumours continually set afloat about foreign affairs may be with safety allowed to repose in the waste-paper baskets or go to smoke in the fires which are the natural destination of their vehicle the newspaper. But this does not in the least interfere with the importance, indeed the vital necessity, of watching events and even rumours themselves.

The extreme pessimism which has been displayed in some quarters about the immediate chances of European peace is, no doubt, exaggerated; and it should never be forgotten that, unless the mischievous folly of Lord RANDOLPH finds influential imitators and disciples, England has the least to lose of any great European Power by a disturbance and the most to gain. She can choose her own time for striking in, her own side, her own price for joining that side. The depression of agriculture, commerce, and the shipping trade would make recruiting for both army and navy unusually easy; and the stimulus of war demands would be applied at a particularly suitable time to trade. Floating capital, of which by the usual paradox there is always plenty to spare at a period of depression, could not possibly be employed to less advantage in war loans than in bubble companies; and it is at least possible, though by no means certain, that the healthy and honourable excitement of a great struggle might restore the rather damaged tone of the nation and put a stop to the craving for mere senseless topsyturvy of the laws and institutions of the country. War is no doubt an evil; but there are many worse evils than war, and there is more than one nation for whom, be it as evil as it may, it would be much worse than for England. The *antiqua mater* of English prosperity is a goddess bearing quite as much resemblance to BELLONA as to MINERVA, and there never has been a long period of peace in English history in which the English character has not sensibly and seriously degenerated. These considerations, if they do not make war desirable (which in itself it never can be), may make it a little less formidable than it seems to some persons, always



supposing that reasonable care in preparation is taken. The insensate plan of laying aside defensive armour because it is burdensome and neglecting to provide offensive weapons because they are costly must not commend itself to any large part of the nation as it commended itself to that sage and serious statesman who has lately taken leave of the Cabinet very much as BECKY SHARP took leave of Mrs. HOOK EAGLES, out of sheer disgust at "a continuous life of 'humdrum virtue.'"

But the same considerations have nothing to do with the actual probability of such a disturbance as, it has been said, may be regarded, should it come, without too much alarm. If that disturbance is now more probable than it has been for some years, it is owing to one and a very obvious cause. There is no reason to believe that any large party of Frenchmen is less afraid of inviting heavier punishment than that of sixteen years since, any large party of Germans less convinced of the folly of risking actual for problematical gains than has been the case on either side for the last decade. Austria, though she might be driven to fight, can never, with her unstable equilibrium, be anxious for fighting; and there is almost nothing to tempt any reasonable Italian into any but a defensive war. But the remaining Great Power (England being out of the question) has entirely changed its part within the last two years. Under the late Czar Russia, however grasping in distant parts, was in Europe distinctly a peacemaker and a steady influence. On one famous occasion not a dozen years back ALEXANDER II. was credited with something like very peremptory conduct in staving Germany off the throat of still gasping France; and there is at least plausible reason for thinking that the desires of his subjects and the apparent necessity of doing something to divert the Nihilist spirit had much more to do with the Czar's violence and treachery towards Turkey than any spontaneously bellicose or aggrandizing idea. When ALEXANDER III. came to the throne he passed some years in a paroxysm of terror for his own life, which made him incapable of aggression; and it seems to have been only the petulant vanity which so often accompanies fear and which was roused by the Roumelian insurrection and the military fame of ALEXANDER of Bulgaria that incited him to throw off a kind of international sluggishness. In other words, Russia has for years recognized "no peace beyond 'the line' of the Caspian and the mountains of Central Asia, though she may be as much nominally at peace with England as England in the time of the original phrase was with Spain. But she has only nibbled and filched at, not boldly grasped and held, her usual prey on the Balkan peninsula, and in general European policy she has not been a makebate. Now all this is changed, and the uncertainty and trouble which have weighed upon Europe in the last eighteen months are almost entirely due to the universal conviction that the enormous power of Russia may be thrown into the scale of war at any moment at the excited caprice of a despotic monarch, and that this caprice is, and long has been, in a state of excitement considerably exceeding the limits of mental sobriety. Neither the formidable armaments of France nor the Murat-esque absurdities of General BOULANGER, nor the rapid advance of Socialist and Anarchist ideas in Germany, nor even the long-continued and deplorable absence in England of a statesman at once holding sound views on foreign policy and supported by a solid majority in Parliament and by the opinion of the country, could have alone or together brought about the state of unrest which at the end of last week had turned almost into panic. It is the sense that a Power, and a Great Power, is not under proper control—that the Bear has no trustworthy leader—that has done the mischief, and this sense is quite independent of any distinct belief in the more or less wild stories of a personal and gossiping character which, as always at such a juncture, are floating about. Indeed, Europe at large may be said to be sadly devoid of shepherds. Lord SALISBURY has capacity, but not power; no one in France has either one or the other; the state of Russia has just been described; and as for Prince BISMARCK, though nobody doubts either his power or his capacity, his method of shepherding is not invariably regarded with confidence by flocks not his own, and seems to be at present the subject of some dissatisfaction, even to his own sheep. It is beyond all doubt in the dim though general sense of the facts rather than in any well-grounded confidence in the existence of any particular and definite cause of alarm that the reason of the general distrust lies; and it need hardly be added that while this discontent continues, it can be nothing less than sheer madness for any

nation which has something to lose not to keep its powder dry, and even its matches burning. As for the latest canard—that of a Russo-German alliance—it probably signifies nothing more than Prince BISMARCK's profound consciousness of the danger above described, and is an attempt to guard at any rate himself against it. That Germany should encourage any positively aggressive designs of Russia is improbable, and would be suicidal.

#### MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S late speech at Birmingham would have attracted more general attention if it had not approximately coincided in point of time with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's surprising evolution. It is true that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN took occasion to deliver a cordial eulogium on a nominal opponent who had served the Radical cause so well. It is stated, on apparently good authority, that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had, shortly before the secession, discussed the Local Government Bill together. If the story is true, it may be conjectured that they agreed in opinions which were adverse to the policy of the Cabinet. Such a negotiation, if it occurred, throws some light on Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's conduct; but it only formed an episode in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's political manifesto. He apparently went to Birmingham to announce the readiness of his section of the Liberal Unionists to rejoin Mr. GLADSTONE; and, although there is still an impediment in the way of complete reconciliation, his overtures will have been received by the majority of his former allies with almost unqualified satisfaction. Mr. LABOUCHERE, indeed, rejects Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's advances, and taunts him with the paucity of his thoroughgoing adherents; but in this matter the newly-promoted leader of the revolutionary Radicals is not an impartial judge. Mr. LABOUCHERE, by his considerable ability and by the extravagance of his political doctrines, has rallied round himself the most extreme section of the enemies of established institutions. Almost alone among English members he habitually disparages the Court and the Crown, and he has lately expressed unqualified approval of the lawless proceedings of the most unscrupulous Irish demagogues. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were once more to become the chief lieutenant of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. LABOUCHERE would find himself superseded by a more cautious representative of subversive policy. It is natural that he should make the most of the difference of judgment on Home Rule which is still supposed to distinguish the Separatists from the Radical Unionists.

The main object of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech was to recommend common action with the followers of Mr. GLADSTONE on all the issues on which they hold similar opinions. For himself Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declared that he still cordially adhered to Mr. GLADSTONE's authorized programme, and also to the unauthorized programme of which he justly claimed to be the author. The most important of Mr. GLADSTONE's proposed measures, though it was at the time generally overlooked, was an undefined alteration in the system of registration. The phrase was characteristically ambiguous, for the object of registration is to record the electoral rights which have been previously recognized or conferred by organic legislation. Undue impediments to the exercise of the franchise or lax admission of unsound claims would be properly corrected by a registration Bill; but such a measure could scarcely find a place in an authorized programme of a party leader. Nothing, in fact, was further from Mr. GLADSTONE's thoughts than a mere improvement in the machinery of registration. It is now known that, not satisfied with the results of his last extension of the suffrage, he intends to introduce changes which would produce an enormous increase in the numbers of the constituency. By shortening the necessary term of residence, by reducing or abolishing the rental qualification of lodgers, and probably by the destruction of the ancient right of voting in respect of property, he would make a large and probably a penultimate step in the direction of universal suffrage. More than twenty years ago, as a member of Lord PALMERSTON's Cabinet, during the accidental absence of the Prime Minister from the House, Mr. GLADSTONE astonished his colleagues and his party by his celebrated announcement that the right of voting belonged to flesh and blood. In his subsequent progress to absolute democracy he has been more than usually consistent.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is of course favourable to any measure

of the kind, as well as to the other parts of the authorized programme. The confession of faith which he drew up for the guidance of the Radical party was a supplementary as well as an unauthorized programme. It included the disestablishment of the Church and the abolition of the House of Lords; but its most remarkable articles were Socialistic in character. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's iniquitous project for the compulsory division of the land into small holdings found a place in the programme, and for the first time in English history a powerful Parliamentary leader prepared the way for the general confiscation of private property by a scheme of progressive taxation. The House of Commons which was elected in 1885 showed during its short continuance an unprecedented readiness to accept any destructive proposal. Some revolutionary schemes were sanctioned by resolutions of the House, though there was not time to embody them in formal legislation. As if for the purpose of reducing to an acknowledged absurdity the ineptitude of the new members, Mr. LABOUCHERE on one occasion snatched a vote for the disestablishment of the London Parks. The Conservative Government was thrown out on Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's Bill, and there seemed to be no assignable limit to the aggressive energies of an irresistible majority. For the moment legislative revolution was suspended in consequence of Mr. GLADSTONE's unexpected conversion to the policy of Home Rule or Separation. There is no reason to doubt Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's perfect honesty in resisting the dictation of his leader. He and his immediate followers co-operated with Lord HARTINGTON in the defeat of the Home Rule Bill and in the conduct of the subsequent election. The adhesion of the Unionists enabled the Conservatives to overthrow the Radical Government, and, until they were betrayed by a capricious leader, they reasonably calculated on maintaining themselves in power, at least during the present Session. It was not to be supposed that even the Radical section of the Liberal Unionists would join with the Gladstonians in an attack on the Ministry.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech has gone far to disappoint sanguine anticipations. When he invites Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers to join in the promotion of ultra-Radical measures, he virtually threatens the temporary alliance of his section of the Unionists with the Conservative Government. It is true that with the aid of Lord HARTINGTON and his friends the Government might still command a small majority; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN evidently hopes that it might be defeated on some popular issue. Such an event would involve the resignation of the Ministers, and there would be no possible successor except Mr. GLADSTONE. The return to office of the chief ally of Mr. PARNELL would shatter in pieces the organization which has hitherto prevented the concession of Home Rule. Mr. GLADSTONE has now for several months been consistent in refusing to engage in any other contest than the struggle for Irish independence; but he would welcome any division in which the Government might be defeated. He would undoubtedly represent a vote against the Government as a declaration of the House of Commons in favour of Home Rule. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would have played into his hands, and would have broken up the Unionist party. His own objections to Home Rule might still remain; but he would have paralysed the opposition to Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill. If no Ministry could be formed except by the Separatist leader, he would be able to urge an unanswerable argument for his Irish policy. It is not known whether Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is prepared to facilitate Mr. GLADSTONE's return to power; but his wishes or opinions would be less effective than his acts.

Even on the question of Home Rule Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has an olive branch to tender. He is careful to correct the belief that he was irrevocably opposed to a Land Bill, although he held up Mr. GLADSTONE's measure to popular odium. He now assures Mr. MORLEY that he also is ready to concur in some measure which would provide for buying out the landlords, without subjecting the English taxpayer to any risk or burden. He is also prepared to substitute elected functionaries for the administrative staff of Dublin Castle, and to establish some kind of Irish Council for the management of local business. Mr. GLADSTONE is not likely to accept Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposals in their present form, but he well knows the difficulty of defending a fortress after discussing the terms of surrender. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was a valuable supporter of national unity as long as he was opposed, not merely to Home Rule, but to the accession of its promoters to office. Now that he is willing to help Mr.

GLADSTONE in defeating the present Government, he is almost a promoter of Home Rule. He may not improbably be able to tempt Mr. GLADSTONE by procuring him the adhesion of a new and able proselyte. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL approached two or three years ago dangerously near to the policy of Mr. PARNELL, and, though he has since encouraged the Protestants of Ulster to resist by force the supremacy of their enemies, he may, after his late breach with the Conservative party, be capable of joining Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's exultation over the late resignation sufficiently proves the hostile feeling with which he regards the present Government.

#### OUR FORTIFICATIONS.

IT is reported, among other items of gossip, that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL objected very especially in the Army and Navy Estimates to the provision made for the fortification of home ports and coaling-stations. We have already stated our opinion on the question whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer has any especial right to decide on the necessity for outlay of this kind sufficiently plainly to make it unnecessary to repeat it. Something, however, may be said as to the wisdom of this particular objection to the Estimates attributed to Lord RANDOLPH. It would seem that when money is asked for to do work of this kind there are two preliminary questions to be answered. In the first place, ought it to be done? In the second place, do the people who have to pay the taxes approve of its being done? When the answer is in the negative to the former of these queries, everybody's duty is clear enough. The answer "No" to the latter does not leave things in quite such a simple position, since a patriotic politician might find it his duty to persuade the taxpayer that he was wrong. When, however, both questions have been answered in the affirmative, the duty of a Chancellor of the Exchequer at least ought to be very plain. It is his part to find money for necessary purposes in the most businesslike and economical way, and that is all.

Now, as regards the need of these fortifications, there can be absolutely no doubt as to the decision both of experts and of the general public. Whether or no they are needed is so little a matter of doubt that at this very moment a Committee is at work strengthening the defences of Portsmouth. Portsmouth is the greatest of our home naval ports. It is the necessary headquarters of the fleet for any war in the Channel, a shipbuilding yard, a repairing yard, and a great store yard. And yet it is not quite safe against sudden attack in the opinion of competent officers. If this is the case with Portsmouth, what is likely to be the state of less important places? There is hardly any need to answer. The condition of the coaling-stations in the Colonies may be learnt easily enough from the two pages devoted to the "Defences of Coaling-Stations" in Lord BRASSEY's very useful Naval Annual. Lord BRASSEY is not to be accused of leaning unduly to the pessimist side. His critics are rather wont to complain of a very different tendency in him, and yet what he has to say amounts practically to this—that the coaling-stations are only half defended. The 976,760*l.* voted at the request of Mr. GLADSTONE's last Ministry but one for the defences of these places is being spent at "Aden, Trincomalee, and Colombo, Singapore, Hong-Kong, Cape of Good Hope, including Mauritius, Jamaica, and St. Lucia." These are the indispensable places of refuge for our merchant ships and storehouses for our fleet in time of war, and yet they are not able to stand by themselves. As every competent authority has insisted ever since war was a science, a fortification which requires the constant support of a force outside is a mere burden. If our ships are to watch the coaling-stations they cannot cruise at the same time. Neither is it only fortifications which are wanted. Lord BRASSEY has very rightly insisted, both in his Annual and later on in the press, on the want of any dock accommodation at Gibraltar. The Admiralty has not the means of docking a single iron-clad in all India. If our fleet is to keep the sea at all in war, these deficiencies must be supplied, and the 976,760*l.* voted for the purpose was assuredly not too much. Part of it, too, is supplied by the Colonies. Some progress has been made, no doubt, but still the land defences of Hong-Kong and Singapore will not be complete till 1888. "The torpedo flotilla has not yet been provided." As to the public sanction given to this outlay, we should have imagined



that there could have been no doubt in the mind of any man. It was not spontaneously asked for by any Minister in love with bloated armaments. On the contrary, the Cabinet of the day, and its First Lord of the Admiralty in particular, did not want more money for the navy. Lord NORTHBROOK secured a chance of immortality as a sad example by declaring that he would not know what to do with more money for the navy if it were given him. It was with the utmost reluctance that he and his colleagues took their four millions at last. They were compelled to take the money the taxpayer literally forced on them, and that after an agitation as long and as loud as any ever set going against excessive taxation. To come now and talk of the burden on the country as excessive is absurd. It was asked for and even put on forcibly by the beast which has to bear it, and on due consideration of the fact that it was by much the least of two evils. The talk heard in some quarters about the intolerable weight of taxation is hardly intelligible. This country is not even absolutely so heavily taxed as France. Relatively to its wealth there is not a Great Power in Europe and hardly a small one which does not raise a larger sum for the public service, to say nothing of the burden of the conscription. Heavy or not, the burden is one which must be borne if the nation is not disposed to run what may be a very fatal risk. The nation is perfectly well aware of the fact, and after hearing the evidence, and after prolonged discussion, has decided to afford the outlay in the firm conviction that in so doing it is making a very businesslike investment of the nature of an insurance. Under these circumstances, the manifest duty of the nation's steward is simply to raise the money in the best possible way and hand it over to the foremen who are to superintend the work.

#### THE IMPUDENT STYLE

THE excellence of *Blackwood's Magazine* has never been better sustained, or more generally acknowledged, than at the present time." So the conductors of *Maga* declare in the new number of their serial, and they ought to know. *Blackwood's Magazine* is a very old friend of most of us; many a happy hour we owe to her story-tellers, and to CHRISTOPHER, when his sporting-jacket was on, and he was up to the waist in Tweed at Clovenfords. But, with CHRISTOPHER, perhaps the habit and practice of rollicking might have been allowed to die out. He rollicked naturally, that splendid giant of physical and intellectual force. But it is not given to all men to rollick, and a critic in the January *Blackwood* rollicks as a fellow-countryman "jocked"—that is, "wittily diffident." A kind of review of a batch of new books called "In *Maga's Library*" is written in a painful way of copying the old loud genial bluster, the old roaring swagger and personal chaff. "We are not formed like JOVE or CHRISTOPHER," says the reviewer—in blank verse—and with truth, though "blank verse is not argument." "Were we a boy again, such as once we might have been," adds the inmate of "*Maga's Library*," and the "might have been" may be of very distant reference to the counsels of fate. Was the critic ever a boy? However, were he a boy again, that boy's jacket would deserve a satisfactory dusting. He goes "trampling about," in the Aristophanean phrase, over books by people who, at least, deserve respectful treatment. After quoting BON GAULTIER's whiskified and diverting parody of *Locksley Hall*, the new CHRISTOPHER exclaims, "Let not Lord TENNYSON chafe at the disrespect," as if Lord TENNYSON passed his time in reading reams of short magazine notices of books!

This is merely a matter of literary good-breeding. It is a worse offence when the critic begins to prose in a personal style about people whom he has met in a railway-carriage, and perhaps is not likely to meet elsewhere. Sir FRANCIS DOYLE's *Reminiscences and Opinions*, which have pleased the public, do not please the reviewer. That is all very well, though it is scarcely so well to speak of a genial and sympathetic book as "respectable maunderings of the smallest possible interest." However, even this is a verdict, like another; but why should the rollicking reviewer go on to tell the following inept anecdote, in the style of the country newspaper? "We ourselves remember, several years ago, travelling from Oxford in the same carriage with a cheerful gentleman who had the kindness, between Didcot and Reading, to inform us,

"*apropos de bottles*, that he was the Professor of Poetry." Now a reviewer has no business to drag his railway acquaintance with an author "*apropos de bottles*," or, otherwise, into an article. To meet even Sir FRANCIS DOYLE in a railway carriage is not a liberal education, though it might be thought that no mortal who had enjoyed that amount of his society would use it as an opportunity for impertinence. "Why was he made the Professor of Poetry, one wonders?" Well, he was made Professor of Poetry because he had written poetry of very rare quality in a very difficult sort—namely, poetry of patriotic emotion and the delight of battle. *The Red Thread of Honour* and *The Private of the Buffs* might be known to and might be understood by even a very dull and flippant person. They are not pieces written over the heads of that general public concerning which some one asks, "What, in the name of the Bodleian, have the general public got to do with literature?" Yet these poems are literature, and with literature they will live. "We are no ARISTARCHUS," adds this candid GIGADIES of *Maga's*, "but a well-wisher, always kindly interested in the fellow-traveller who treated us with such flattering but unexpected confidence." The confidence was certainly flattering and undeserved. Like the Quaker rebuked by Dr. JOHNSON, the rollicking reviewer cannot think how poor a figure he makes when he tells his *sehr interessant* story of the railway carriage. Indeed he has nearly as much right to speak on the urbane art of literature as the Quaker had to discourse of artillery and the red-hot cannon-balls used at Gibraltar.

#### IRELAND.

IT is necessary, perhaps, to wait a little longer before recording the actual obituary of the "Plan of Campaign," but there is every reason to believe that it is *in articulo mortis*. The attempt to resume operations under it after dark instead of during daylight hours is the mere bravado of desperation; and we may be pretty sure that, if anything serious were meant by it, the performers of the recent wonderful exploit at Mitchelstown would have been anxious to keep their success secret instead of blazoning it to the world and preparing the police to prevent a repetition of it. There is something very puerile in the pretentious "despatch from Mitchelstown" which informs every one how Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, having been joined at Thurles by Dr. TANNER and Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR, "left by the mid-night train for Kilmallock, whence they proceeded by car to Mitchelstown, which they reached about five o'clock in the morning"; how "during the day messages were quietly despatched through the surrounding districts notifying the tenantry to meet at four given rendezvous after dark"; how scouts then "watched the movements of the police patrols, who appeared to be unconscious of the rent collection, while the tenants handed in their moneys and accounts." After all this obliging information, the police will probably not be so "unconscious" the next time Mr. O'BRIEN and his friends repeat the experiment elsewhere, if, indeed, its results, which we are certainly not prepared to take from the Nationalist account of them, should be of sufficient importance to be worth the trouble of putting a stop to it. The despatch above quoted says that "nearly all the tenants on the Kingston estate met Mr. O'BRIEN and paid him their rents"; but we venture to doubt whether tenants who showed considerable reluctance to come down with their money by daylight would get up at or sit up till eleven o'clock at night for the purpose of performing that operation. As to their backwardness in doing so even during the unmolested stage of the campaign, there seems pretty good evidence on that head, and the indignation of Mr. DILLON and his colleagues at the seizure of their funds at Loughrea is in fact a part of it. What has really troubled these gentlemen is not the fact that moneys deposited with them have been, as they allege, illegally seized, but that the seizure has been the means of acquainting the world with the true amount of the deposit. After the tall talk of the Nationalist press about the vast sums collected, and after the description in the *Freeman's Journal* of "the large crowds" of tenant-farmers who attended at Loughrea, of the "crowded entrances" and the "busy time which the members had of it in receiving rents," it is a little disconcerting to have it revealed to the world that the amount collected by Mr. DILLON from this "large crowd" during this "busy time" amounted to exactly 88l.

It is true that Mr. DILLON's was not the only office opened for the receipt of rent. There was another presided over by Mr. O'BRIEN, and a third in charge of Mr. MATTHEW HARRIS. In the former of these was found a sovereign with a few shillings, and in the latter "the ridiculously small sum of half-a-crown"—bringing the total up to, let us say, 9s. 6d. as the net result of the campaign at Loughrea. This may be war, but it is not magnificent.

Probably the truth of the matter is much what it is stated to be by the Loyal and Patriotic Union in the last issue of their "Notes." Many tenants may have "joined" in the Plan of Campaign; but that is a very different thing from accepting the original proposal of its inventors, and a much less serious thing. What has happened in the great majority of these cases is that the tenants have simply gone the length of signing a document stating that they join in the "Plan," and paying an entrance fee of 5s. each. In other words, they have merely become members, as it were, of a Society for Promoting the Non-payment of Rent; and, as very many Irish tenants have been for some years past spiritually affiliated to an Association of this kind, there is nothing particularly new or formidable in the fact of their actually incorporating themselves. Their assets available for rent are, it is true, diminished by 5s.; but their position differs widely from that of tenants who have placed it out of their power to pay their just debts by depositing the owed money in the hands of a third person. Mr. O'BRIEN himself is evidently fully sensible of the distinction; and his consciousness of the collapse of the Plan is attested by his resort to language of menace, which, as he is quite certain if taxed with it in the House of Commons to deny having used it, we may as well put on record. At a meeting at Longford a short time back he warned the Government that if they checked the "open and peaceful combination" of the tenants—meaning the conspiracy to intercept rents—it would be necessary "to substitute for it something quite as drastic and still less legal than the Plan of Campaign to stay the arm of evicting landlords. They would have to face consequences the very thought of which was sickening." If outrages occur in those parts of Ireland in which Mr. O'BRIEN has been holding forth in this strain, and we are told, as we then certainly shall be told, that the Nationalist stump orators have done their utmost to prevent them, it may be as well to recall this particular effort at restraining the passions of the people. As a matter of fact, however, it is probable enough that the authors of such malign incitements as these will escape condemnation by virtue of their impotence. Evidence is daily accumulating to show that these desperate efforts of a few of the more virulent agitators, with whose almost certain failure Mr. PARNELL is too shrewd to identify himself, and whom Mr. HEALY contents himself with academically encouraging from the safe distance of Glasgow, have never been exerted on a less promising situation. Actual evictions have not increased in anything like the number predicted, though preliminary processes are being set in motion with results most gratifying to those who see no reason why an Irish tenant should be allowed to defraud his landlord of his just dues any more than the landlord is permitted to refuse payment of his butcher and baker.

To those who have been misled by those stories of distress and threatened oppression of the tenantry which were circulated so freely last autumn in the hope of floating Mr. PARNELL's Confiscation Bill we commend a study of the statistics published in the "Notes" to which we have referred with respect to the evictions in Monaghan during the first half of the present year. The sheriff returned 83 cases on his list, of which 3 were for town holdings and the remaining 80 for agricultural occupations. Out of these 80 cases, 78 were for non-payment of rent, and in 70 of these 78 cases the tenants were readmitted as caretakers pending redemption. In one case the defendant was readmitted as tenant, in seven cases the tenants were not readmitted in any form. A further examination of these seven cases shows that in four of them the tenant did not reside on the premises, and in one case he had previously left the country. There remain, therefore, out of 78 cases of eviction, only two in which the tenants were absolutely evicted from their residences. This being the state of things in one Irish county up to June last, we may judge of the probability of "hundreds of families being cast out on the roadside" for non-payment of the November rents. But, indeed, the point is hardly worth consideration by any one who considers the mode in which, as Mr. MORLEY has just observed, though, of course, with a very

different intention, in his reply to Professor DICEY, in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, "agrarian aims" and general political feeling have become inextricably "bound up together." They have become so inextricably bound up that agrarian "distress" has a knack of making its appearance whenever "general political feeling," as expounded by the Irish Parliamentary party, requires it. Everybody knows full well that, if accident had compelled Mr. GLADSTONE to postpone his Home Rule Bill to another Session, the Parnellites being aware of its intended provisions, we should have heard nothing about distress among the tenantry, or threats of wholesale evictions on the part of the landlords, in August last. If, however, Mr. MORLEY imagines that Separation would dissolve the connexion between agrarian aims and "general political feeling," as his arguments against Professor DICEY would of course imply, he would do well to note the answer which Mr. DILLON has undesignedly supplied to a question which he put at Edinburgh in December last. "Are we," he asked, "to assume that the leaders of the Irish people, when their constitutional demands are met and fairly and reasonably satisfied on terms which they have professed their willingness to accept, will use the same language and act in the same spirit which they have used and in which they have acted while these demands were still unconceded?" Let us see what language Mr. DILLON is using now, and in what spirit he threatens to act. "I tell these people (the landlords)," he said the other day, "that the time is close at hand when the police will be our servants, when the Irish police will be taking their pay from Mr. PARNELL, when he will be Prime Minister of Ireland, and I warn the men to-day who take their stand by the side of landlordism and signalize themselves as the enemies of the people, that in the day of our power we will remember them." How enlightening is this little outburst of honest truculence, and what an instructive commentary it will furnish on the soft speeches which may be heard hereafter from the Irish benches, and on the effusive compliments which they will probably again elicit from their English dupes!

#### SIR JOHN HENNESSY'S SUSPENSION.

THE suspension of Sir JOHN POPE HENNESSY from the Governorship of Mauritius puts an end to the scandals which have long disgraced that colony, and perhaps also to the official career of the suspended Governor himself. The step which Sir HERCULES ROBINSON has taken in the discretionary exercise of the full powers confided to him is a very serious and important one. Colonial Governors have very rarely to be dealt with in so summary a fashion. Governor WALL was, indeed, suspended in a less metaphorical and more disagreeable sense than Sir JOHN HENNESSY, and Mr. EYRE was superseded by Sir HENRY STORKS after the suppression of the rebellion in Jamaica, and before his recall. But the circumstances even of the latter case are so essentially different from Sir JOHN HENNESSY's that they afford no kind of parallel or precedent. Sir HERCULES ROBINSON, in the present instance, seems to have felt that he could not safely leave Mauritius on his return to the Cape, of which he is himself Governor, without depriving Sir JOHN HENNESSY of further opportunities of doing mischief. He therefore removed Sir JOHN from his office and functions, putting in his place as acting Governor the commander of the troops, Colonel HAWLEY. In ordinary circumstances the Governor's substitute would have been his deputy, Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD. But Mauritius, though it contains more than seven hundred square miles, was not large enough to hold an Englishman like Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD and an Irishman like Sir JOHN POPE HENNESSY. We had occasion last summer to comment upon the differences between these two remarkable persons, and upon the strange caprice or forgetfulness which allowed Sir FREDERICK STANLEY, now Lord STANLEY of Preston, to link two such incompatible characters together. Mr. STANHOPE effected a separation so long ago as August last. Even the Colonial Office, which is not easily diverted from the even tenour of its inscrutable way, must have felt that the colonies were meant for other uses than that once assigned by an inspector of police to coffee-stalls in the streets of London. "The chief result of these things," said the inspector, who surveyed the world with a professional eye, "is to bring together people who would be better apart." Certainly Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD and Sir JOHN POPE HENNESSY are better apart. Whether it is not time, in



the interests of peace and good government, to keep Sir JOHN HENNESSY apart from the colonial service altogether seems to us emphatically a question to be asked.

In the absence of evidence to the contrary, it is only fair to assume that a man of Sir HERCULES ROBINSON's long experience and proved ability would not have condemned Sir JOHN HENNESSY so decisively without sufficient reason. The particular quarrel between the Governor and his lieutenant is comparatively unimportant. Sir HERCULES ROBINSON bases his action upon the serious conflict of races which Sir JOHN HENNESSY had either excited or inflamed. As it is the principal duty of the Governor in such a colony as Mauritius to preserve good relations between Europeans and natives no charge could be graver. Sir JOHN appears to have employed the new Constitution of the island, which seems to be, as Mr. CARLYLE's ALPHONSO said of the Universe, a "crank machine," for the purpose, or at least with the result, of stirring up strife between the Indian and the general population. He has not, however, succeeded even in conciliating the natives; for many of them have demanded his removal, and a Radical member for Port Louis in the new Legislative Council has exhorted his Governor in various French phrases, of which the plain English is to go. Hence it is probable that Sir JOHN HENNESSY will shortly be directed to repair to London. Meanwhile he is described as having taken up an "aggressive attitude," which may mean that he indites protests, or that he follows the favourite pursuit of our armies in Flanders, or that he threatens all brutal Saxon tyrants with the vengeance of Erin. But, as his temporary successor, Colonel HAWLEY, has the soldiers behind him, Sir JOHN HENNESSY's performances no longer involve any considerations more valuable than his own dignity and common sense. Sir JOHN HENNESSY has now been Governor of half a dozen colonies in succession, and there is no reason, so far as his age and the habits of the service are concerned, why he should not govern half a dozen more. A colonial Governor, however, especially the Governor of a Crown Colony, which Mauritius, in spite of its eccentric "Constitution," still is, ought not to be a firebrand. Lord DUFFERIN happily likened himself, when he was Governor-General of Canada, to one of those men, clad in fustian, who pour oil into the wheels of a complicated machine. Sir JOHN HENNESSY, though not averse from fustian, prefers pouring his oil into the smouldering fire of race hatred and jealousy. Some more suitable employment, or absence of employment, should be found for him. Mr. DISRAELI conferred a very doubtful benefit upon the British Empire when he introduced Mr. POPE HENNESSY to viceregal life; but no one can say that his protégé has not had fair play and a long tether. The Irish Nationalist journals have, of course, taken up his cause; and perhaps he may find a new and more congenial career at home.

#### THE STATE AND EMIGRATION.

LORD CARNARVON'S conversion to the policy of State-directed emigration—a conversion which he has admitted by way of his preface to his letter to the *Times*—can hardly be thought to stand in need of apology. It would, indeed, be a highly capricious and eccentric pedantry which could in these days require one. When the doctrine of *laissez-faire* has gone by the board in so many departments of life in which State interference is a matter of such exceedingly dubious wisdom, it would indeed be absurd to insist on its validity in one of the few cases in which the presumption is the other way. Emigration has never been a work to which voluntary effort has applied, or shown a capacity for applying, itself with results in any respect commensurate with needs, and the disparity between the two has of late years become more conspicuous than ever. Here, consequently, there is much less than the usual risk of paralysing private enterprise by the introduction of State competition; while, on the other hand, there are peculiarities in the work of directing emigration which seem to mark it out with special distinctness as one requiring the impartiality, the elaborateness of organization, and the freedom from personal and individual bias which form, as it were, the stock-in-trade of public departments, but are so difficult to meet with in the offices of private Societies. Nor were these qualities ever more required than they are at the present moment, when, concurrently with a great increase in the number of the unemployed in this country, the Colonies are attaining a point of development at which they are more than ever before disposed to insist on quality

rather than quantity in the emigrants whom we send them. In other words, at the moment when the temptation to ship off workless men indiscriminately is at its greatest, the need of discrimination, unless charity is to become disguised cruelty, is at its greatest also. We are no fanatical believers in officialism and its methods; but we are certainly of opinion that this very difficult and delicate work will be more effectively performed by the officers of a Government department than by the staff, however zealous and well meaning, of a private association.

The exact nature of the task, so far as the working classes are concerned, has been well defined by Lord CARNARVON. English labour, he remarks, can be divided, roughly speaking, into three classes. (1) The best workmen who can make as much or more in England than they can in the Colonies, who do not care to go, and whom we do not desire to lose; (2) The worst workmen, who in any community must sink to the bottom, and whom it would be unjust and impolitic to force on the Colonies; and (3) a middle class between these two, who, under the more favourable conditions of colonial life, often find an immense field of prosperity open to them on the other side of the ocean. It is to be assumed that few or no applicants from Class 1 would present themselves, and that the work of an Emigration Bureau would consist mainly in distinguishing workmen who belong to the third class from those who are included in the second. This in itself would be an arduous task enough; but there is, we fancy, yet a fourth class, which Lord CARNARVON has not taken into account, and which, though it certainly should not be difficult of discrimination from Class 3, is nevertheless so pitiable, and in every sense but one so deserving, that it will need the full hard-heartedness of officialism to turn a deaf ear to the applicants which it furnishes. We refer to the dismal category of those persons who have become workmen not of choice, but of necessity, and who, without having been educated to a trade, have been driven, after reaching adult years, from the field of clerical labour into some one or other of the lower unskilled industries of the artisan. What is to be done with this increased, and we fear increasing, class—a class which, except for the primary and disastrous error of their perverse choice of a vocation, an error for which they are themselves only partly responsible, may be said to belong at once to the category of the deserving and to that of the unsuitable? Relatively at least to the superabundant supply of it, there is but a scanty demand for their unskilled labour in the Colonies; for the work to which this unfortunate army of clerks has been carefully educated, and which practically is the only thing they can do decently well, there is no demand at all. What is the State to do with them when they apply for assistance to emigrate? Put them off as bad bargains upon our Colonies, or thrust them back again into the hopeless mass of "genteel" or semi-genteel pauperism which is one of the saddest phenomena of modern life? The question What does the State propose to do for this class? may be put with peculiar force and justice, since it is the State that has, by compulsory legislation, helped to create them. And it is melancholy to think that the State system of education is swelling their ranks by thousands every year.

#### THE MISSION TO THIBET.

THE sudden withdrawal of the mission to Thibet was a surprise, but it seemed to be sufficiently well explained by the relations of England and China at the time. Burmah had just been occupied, and one of those mysterious Chinese claims to sovereignty had been interfered with. The Imperial Government was believed to be inclined to make itself offensive if it was not propitiated. Now Thibet is under the influence of China to a far greater degree than Burmah has ever been, and it was supposed that China would see the entry of Mr. MACAULAY'S mission into it with no great pleasure. It was true that the Pekin Government had given its consent to the mission, but that did not necessarily mean much. Official consent and effectual permission are two very different things in China, and so when the mission was recalled nobody felt much surprise. It was simply concluded that the Indian Government on due consideration had decided that things would be smoothed in Burmah if every appearance of a desire to penetrate into Thibet was given up, and the bargain seemed a fairly good one. A distinct gain was made in Burmah as a set-off to the loss of a doubtful advantage in Thibet. Whatever could have been gained by an extension of trade with that country would have been a poor

compensation for increased difficulties in Burmah and strained relations with China.

A correspondent in the *Times*, who writes with a tone of authority, has explained that this is not the history of the transaction at all, but that the failure of Mr. MACAULAY's mission was due to the weakness of the Chinese and Indian Governments, which allowed themselves to be coerced and hoodwinked by a venal Chinese envoy and a body of what GIBBON would probably have described briefly as brute monks. It seems there is an envoy from Pekin at Lhasa, whose real name is SE-LENG-O, but who is commonly called SE AMPA, which means Eating Se by the Thibetans, and SE WAMPA—SE the Turtle (i.e. the Filthy One)—by his own countrymen. This diplomatist, who was and is lying abroad in the service of his country, joined with the younger Buddhist monks to oppose the entry of Mr. MACAULAY's mission. They collected and made a pretence of resistance. He wrote despatches, and predicted war and troubles if the mission came anywhere near Lhasa. The Chinese Government believed him, and the VICEROY's advisers believed the Chinese Government. So Mr. MACAULAY's mission was recalled, and the Kaloo monks triumphed. There are some details of this story which it is not very easy to accept without qualification. The Pekin mandarins must be much less sagacious persons than they are commonly supposed to be if they have not long ago taken the measure of Se, the Filthy One, pretty accurately, and also got a very shrewd notion of the character and veracity of his friends the Rabelaisian monks. It may be taken for granted that, if the mandarins acted on Se's advice, it was not because they believed in his honesty, but because they see very clearly that, if an English mission is established in Thibet, the influence of China will suffer greatly. Their conduct was probably, as it usually is, intelligent enough. The Indian Government, for its part, can hardly, according to this story, be relieved from the blame of having yielded pusillanimously to the threats of very ignoble opponents. Even when it is endorsed by China, the swagger of such scamps as the Kaloo monks seem to be ought not to prevail on the governors of India. These holy men, who, in the words of the libretto, combine the avocations of religious and brigand, lately plundered the Nepaulese shops at Lhasa, and entailed the payment of an indemnity on Thibet. According to the *Times* Correspondent, they are by no means loved by their flocks, whom they shear very close, nor even by the LAMA and his sober advisers; but, as they will fight, they have their way. In the present case they made a great show of fighting, but with a secret intention of running away as soon as they came within range of Mr. MACAULAY's rifles. Mr. MACAULAY himself would have been content not to go to Lhasa, but to some other town, and there establish a staple of trade; but his Government was less courageous, and recalled him altogether. The result is said to have been, and we can very well believe it, that the Kaloo monks have become very insolent, and talk of expelling the English troops on the border at Sikkim. Under these circumstances the Indian Government finds itself compelled "to take action," which announcement is no wise surprising. Altogether, the wisest thing to do would appear to be to send Mr. MACAULAY back with another, and, if need be, a stronger escort, and to insist on going on to Lhasa after all. St. Gatling might be called in (he is fairly portable) to argue with the Buddhist theologians in case they prove too obstinate in debate. It seems all the more advisable to be resolute in repressing the insolence of the monks because the trade with Thibet is capable of being made considerable. At present it is greatly depressed by these curious followers of SAKYA MUNI, but it would soon develop if it were freed from their interference. The Chinese traders would be delighted at the change. They were, it is said, intensely disgusted when Mr. MACAULAY's mission was recalled. It is a curious complication in diplomacy when Chinamen are disgusted because the Indian Government yields to the expostulations of China. On the whole, our interest seems to be to listen to the trader and not to the mandarin.

#### MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD ON THE SITUATION.

FORTIFIED by a dictum of PROLEMY the astronomer, MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD comes forward in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* to discuss the political situation. We are so accustomed to find Mr. ARNOLD deriving encouragement from unexpected sources that we regard his new counsellor almost without surprise. Better

PROLEMY, we are tempted to exclaim, than Bishop WILSON (although a quotation from the worthy Bishop is good-humouredly thrown in for our especial behoof); and, if Mr. ARNOLD requires the incitement of the maxim, "As you draw near to your latter end, redouble your efforts to do good," in order to move him to political criticism, we are not disposed to grudge it to him. He is always excellent reading whether we agree with him or not; and, if he had done no more on the present occasion than illustrate the failure of Mr. GLADSTONE's overtures to Lord HARTINGTON by his admirably felicitous quotation from *Rasselas*, he would have earned our cordial thanks for his article. Further, all Conservatives have to thank him for his disinterested desire to keep Conservatism at its "zenith"—where, in his opinion, it has now attained, and at which, by offering satisfaction to the demands of "quiet, reasonable people" throughout the country, it may, he thinks, maintain itself. The main thing is that the Conservatives, having themselves been successful, should now make their "country too, in its turn, succeed." That, of course, is what they hope to do; and we are rather surprised to find Mr. ARNOLD telling us that the Conservatives "have done little or nothing hitherto since they came into power to make their country succeed, to make things go happily for us, any more than the Liberals, indeed." In the famous cricket-match in *Pickwick* there occurs a passage which has given the deepest pain to many of DICKENS's warmest admirers. We refer to that in which the humourist remarks that, while the All-Muggleton eleven, who went in first, were putting together a considerable total, "the score of the Dingley Dellers remained as blank as their faces." It is melancholy to think that DICKENS should not have known and should have had no one to inform him that it is impossible for the strongest team to begin to score until it gets its innings. The novelist's solecism, however, is our own allegory. We submit to Mr. ARNOLD that, as regards two at least of the matters which he enumerates—Parliamentary procedure, to wit, and local government—the present Administration are in the case of the eleven of Dingley Dell. They are waiting to "go in."

As regards the third and most important question, that of the government of Ireland, Mr. ARNOLD has undoubtedly more to say for himself. Here the Ministerial innings has begun, and if any one chooses to contend that they might have made a larger score by this time than they have, we shall not care to gainsay them. When Mr. ARNOLD insists that there must be "success," meaning prompt and indisputable success in quelling anarchy; when he protests against the Executive giving "to the world, and to the Irish themselves, in trying to quell it, the spectacle of fumbling and failure, of efforts going awry, of justice defeated, of authority made ridiculous," we entirely agree with him. When he complains of "days spent by a sheriff and his men in vainly trying to get possession of a barricaded house; the sheriff's men maltreated and blinded, the crowd jeering and yelling, with a force of soldiers looking on and doing nothing," he has our fullest sympathy. There has, we admit, been too much of this sort of thing during the present autumn and winter—as, indeed, any of it is too much. But these failures are often due to want of dexterity in the hands of an Executive rather than to want of resolution in its head; and we may reasonably judge that to be the explanation of them when such scandals, instead of multiplying, diminish and disappear. This, it will be admitted, has been the case in the matter of the execution of legal process; while as regards the dealings of the Government with defiance of the law at an earlier stage, these have now taken, if a little late in the day, a fairly satisfactory shape. Mr. ARNOLD, with a candour and sanity of Liberalism which puts to shame the anarchic section of his party, admits the imperative necessity of Executive interference with the Plan of Campaign, and would be prepared, as we understand him, to applaud even more vigorous action than has been taken in this matter. He even goes so far as to suggest the immediate adoption of measures which would, as we believe, require special authorization of the Legislature. He can hardly complain of a want of "success" on the part of the Government in not having exceeded the powers which they possess; and within the limit of these powers it is our belief that "quiet, reasonable men" throughout the country will hold the Government to have succeeded fairly well in Ireland.



## THE YEAR.

AS far as this country is concerned the history of the year has been the history of the fight in and out of Parliament for the maintenance of the Union. This, the most vital question which has been argued out since the revolutionary war, if not since 1688, has thrown everything else, domestic and foreign, into the shade, important as much of it was. The permanent confusion in the South-East of Europe, the fitful attempts of France to disturb the settlement of Egypt, the tardy pacification of Burmah, the revival of disputes with the United States, and even the recurring attempts of a handful of agitators to produce anarchy in London, all of them matters which would have been thought of primary importance in quiet times, have been justly considered as subordinate to the great question whether this monarchy is to remain united or is to be split in two, if not into four, in order that Mr. Gladstone might secure another Parliamentary majority. In January Parliament met with a very distinct knowledge that it would have to deal with measures adapted to secure this end. In December the Government is wrestling what may be its last pull with those opponents of all order in Ireland who were described by Mr. Gladstone in phrases of equal vigour and truth before the exigencies of the position he had made for himself compelled him to court their alliance. On the Unionist side the fight has been stoutly fought, and well won. Every one of its leaders has gained in name and influence. On the beaten side all the leaders except one have gained, too, by escape from the overpowering neighbourhood of every member of the Liberal party who had any genuine reputation for statesmanship. Mr. Gladstone for his share has ended a long career by breaking up the party he joined from the other end of the political scale. 1886 has a better record to show than any year within the memory of this generation. A great danger has been avoided, and incidentally not a few noxious delusions have been decisively exploded. The real character of the most noisy advocates of the poor has been shown, every shred of disguise has been torn from the genuine aims of the Irish Nationalist party, and, finally, the real nature of the motives which inspire Mr. Gladstone's enthusiasm for reform has been demonstrated in a manner happily intelligible to a majority of voters.

The first event of the year was very appropriately the meeting of Parliament. Formal business began on the 12th, the Houses were opened by the Queen on the 21st, and the field was cleared for real business by the defeat of the Conservative Ministry on the 26th of January. They were nominally overthrown on an Amendment to the Address moved by Mr. Jesse Collings, who regretted "that no measures had been announced for affording facilities to agricultural labourers to obtain allotments and small holdings." On this issue Mr. Gladstone came into office; but no more was heard of allotments or small holdings, and before long the mover of the Amendment had the misfortune to be unseated on petition, and was so vaguely remembered by his chief that he came to be described as "a Mr. Jesse Collings." Parties in the House then stood at 333 Liberals, 251 Conservatives, and 86 Parnellites. By the 8th of June Mr. Gladstone had so rearranged parties that the House of Commons was divided into 341 Unionists and 311 Separatists. The exact steps by which this change was brought about belong rather to the particular history of the spring session. As the Government of Ireland Bill and the Land Bill are both dead—their supporters are in some doubt on the point, but their opponents have put it beyond peradventure—it is superfluous to detail them. For the rest, the question was not whether a particular Bill for the destruction of the supreme legislative body of the United Kingdom was a good one, but whether this was a thing which ought to be done by any Bill whatsoever. On this essential point there never was any doubt in the minds of the Conservative party, or of the large and able minority of the Liberals who finally turned the scale against the Separatist Ministry. Some not very intelligible hesitation as to the real nature of Mr. Gladstone's threatened measures induced Mr. Chamberlain and Sir George Trevelyan to form part of the short-lived Gladstonian Ministry. They left it very soon, and from the introduction of the Government Bill on the 8th of April to its rejection on the 8th of June they opposed it steadily and with great effect. Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, Sir Henry James, with other independent Liberals, and with the timely help of Mr. Bright—who has twice in this year shown that he can make a letter do as good service as a speech—fought on the same side. The Conservatives had little need to show that their traditional policy was incompatible with schemes for the disruption of the State. The vote of the 8th of June made it clear that the country must be called on to decide. By the 26th of June Parliament had wound up all necessary business; had made, as it never fails even in the most barren Session to make, a variety of additions to the statute-book, all profoundly uninteresting in the presence of greater things, and was ripe for dissolution. So ended the Parliamentary stage of the fight for the Union.

By the 26th of the following month the country had decided, and the Marquess of Salisbury was again at the head of a Conservative Ministry. The elections had ended in giving a majority of about 120 votes to the Unionist party, and Mr. Gladstone did not meet the new Parliament which assembled in the autumn. Three hundred and eleven of the new members were Conservatives, as against some two hundred and seventy Gladstonian Parnellites or Parnellites pure and simple. The Marquess of Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain came back with a following of about eighty. Except in Scotland, where Mr. Goschen lost his

seat in Edinburgh to an obscure local Radical, and Sir George Trevelyan lost his for Hawick to a local Radical of even greater obscurity, the course of the election was as satisfactory to the Unionist party in detail as in its general result. No independent Liberal of standing lost his seat in England. Most of them were returned by increased majorities in spite of the employment by their opponents of every species of pressure. The tone of the House was distinctly improved by the disappearance of most of the curious tribe of new members who had figured in its predecessor. Mr. Gladstone had still sufficient personal influence to secure the return of about a hundred and eighty followers of his own; but it was sufficiently notorious that they came back as his followers only, and not as representing a deliberate preference on the part of any considerable section of the country for Home Rule in Ireland. It is doubtful whether such authority as Mr. Gladstone can now lend them can long keep a body composed as this is from reaching its natural level.

The attempt of Gladstonian partisans to believe, or to make a decent pretence of believing, that no common action will long be possible between Conservatives and Unionist Liberals continues to be made. The leaders of this party have none the less done everything within their power to remove the delusion where it honestly exists and make the affectation of it ridiculous. Lord Hartington and his colleagues did not, for intelligible reasons, find it possible to make an official coalition with the Marquess of Salisbury; but by far the most important feature of the short Autumn Session was their resolution not to assist in any attack on the Conservatives for the benefit of the Separatists. From the first Liberal Unionist meeting at Her Majesty's in April down to the last at Willis's Rooms in December they have never varied from their thoroughly consistent position, which is that for the present everything must give way to the preservation of the Union. At the end of the year the Conservative party has an ample majority over avowed Separatists, unless they secure the help of the Liberal Unionists; but that help will never be given to anything which directly or indirectly works for a disruption of the Union. The Marquess of Hartington and his colleagues will do nothing to put into office a party which has not expressly given up all intention of establishing an independent Parliament in Dublin.

The entirely unparliamentary fight for the Union has, as a matter of course, been conducted wholly in Ireland. It has only grown acute at the end of the year, for the June and July riots in Belfast may be taken as only particularly acute spasms of an old local disease. Probably the fighting was more than usually savage on account of the political situation. The Protestants were heated enough to believe that the Irish Secretary had drafted Catholic police into the town to coerce them, and the Catholics were excited by unfounded hopes; but the two religions have fought in Belfast before, and will fight again whenever they can. The charges against Mr. Morley may be set off against the Separatist accusation that Lord Randolph Churchill had urged the Protestants to rebel. Both charges prove that many persons on either side were even less capable than they usually are of weighing evidence. As long as there was any hope of success for the Irish Government, or even of a split in the Unionist party, it was the cue of the Nationalist party to keep quiet. They took it very fairly. Outrages were kept in check, and nothing more serious occurred for a longish time, as intervals of peace go in Ireland, than a deputation to thank Mr. Gladstone for his efforts to hand the country over to anarchy. At the close of the year, however, a serious attempt has been made to begin a new "rent war." A Plan of Campaign, as it is called, in the style dear to the Nationalist party and the Salvation Army, has been drawn up. According to this scheme, tenants who have had their rents fixed under the provisions of the least successful of Mr. Gladstone's healing measures, and who do not want to pay even those rents, are to bank their money in the hands of persons appointed by the National League, who will spend it for the general good of the cause. This scheme has been strongly advocated by Mr. Dillon and other speakers in the usual style of Irish oratory and with the usual arguments of Irish patriots. It was not taken up with any degree of zeal at first, for the tenants were well enough aware of the fact that a refusal to pay rent would, if the Government decided to enforce the law, mean an entire loss of their interest in their holdings. Probably the success of General Redvers Buller in Kerry may have done something to influence their belief in the probable vigour of the Government. If so, it was counterbalanced by the lenity shown to Mr. Dillon, who was allowed to incite to robbery for a considerable time with complete impunity. The scheme began to grow in favour, and the tenants on various estates had begun to bank their money. Then the Ministry decided to proceed against Mr. Dillon, and secured, after much delay, a decision from the Irish Judges to the effect that his language was seditious and his Plan of Campaign is a conspiracy to defraud. On this the Ministry has at last decided to act, and the Salvation Army of Sedition is being attacked and broken up. It is a comic, but satisfactory, sign of the success of the Government that Mr. Parnell, after remaining in impenetrable retirement since the end of the autumn Session, has come forward to confess his entire ignorance of a movement headed by his colleagues and advocated in his own newspaper.

The autumnal Session which began formally on the 5th, and really on the 19th, of August was held for the despatch of necessary business. No political announcement of any kind was made in the speech from the Throne, which merely notified the fact that the country had thoroughly ratified the decision of the previous

House on Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. The new House and the new Ministry had nothing to do beyond making note of that decision and providing for the current expenses of Government. In the discharge of this duty it was retarded to an almost intolerable degree by persistent disorder and obstruction of the Irish members, encouraged in a somewhat half-hearted way, it is true, by the example of Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Gladstone, after claiming and exercising the privilege of his years and former great position to override the rules of the House when it happened to suit his convenience to make a statement, retired to Bavaria for a holiday. Sir William, who took his place as leader of the Separatist party for the time being, endeavoured to exercise the same freedom with much less success. The obscurer Irish members who followed his lead made up by persistency and thickness of skin for what they wanted in other respects, and the authority of the Speaker had to be exercised continually in order to make even a slow progress of business possible. The experience of the Session has gone far to convert many who had the deepest dislike to any alteration in the old practice of allowing the utmost freedom of debate to a belief in the necessity for new and stringent rules of procedure. Amendments to the Address moved by Irish members who do not form the rank and file of obstruction for the purpose of reopening the great question of last Session, and a Bill of Mr. Parnell's which would have made the rent campaign unnecessary, occupied a preposterously large share of the time of the House. The discussion on them all served to prove beyond all doubt the solidity of the Unionist majority.

On Christmas Eve the political world's holiday was disturbed by an event of which the real importance has yet to be seen. Lord Randolph Churchill resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, as he said, because he could not consent to burden the Budget with the Estimates demanded by the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War. It is perhaps a compliment to his lordship's ambition that a considerable doubt was felt and expressed as to how far the Cabinet was compelled, to its own grief no doubt and perhaps a little to his surprise, to dispense with his services on these grounds. More important than any speculation as to the motives of this politician is the question how far his sudden retirement has shaken the Ministry and endangered the position of the Unionist party. It is one which can hardly be settled as yet, and the very considerable body of loose speculation excited by the event will not help towards a solution. In the meantime it must be satisfactory to Lord Randolph so far to see that his last feat has caused more apparent fear among his late colleagues than seems altogether excusable in men who must have known very well what it was they would have to face as the better alternative to the evil of surrendering to Lord Randolph.

Among the minor events of the year perhaps the most serious is the mushroom growth of Home Rule movements in Scotland and Wales. The first is a mainly sentimental way of dotting the "i's" of Scotch admiration for Mr. Gladstone. The latter, though encouraged by the Separatist party at large, is chiefly the outcome of political Nonconformity and the farmers' disinclination to discharge their obligations. In legal history the year will probably be remembered as scandalously rich in shameful lawsuits, unduly prolonged, one of which will be particularly memorable as having led to the political ruin of a statesman who ought to have had a considerable future.

The evening after Christmas was also made famous in its way by the most violent snowstorm since 1881. It was so violent and did such damage to railway lines and telegraph-posts that for nearly forty-eight hours England was without communication with the Continent, and it was hard to carry on any correspondence even between different parts of the country.

The great imperial affairs of the nation have, on the whole, progressed satisfactorily. There have been checks and delays, but no disaster of any magnitude, and, above all, no ignoble surrender. On the 1st of January the Viceroy of India published a proclamation announcing the definitive annexation of Upper Burmah. By this step all doubt as to the intentions of the Government was removed, and the measure has been approved by both political parties and the nation. It has been criticized by those who are opposed to every effort to extend or even maintain the Empire, but by them only. Unfortunately the execution has not been in all respects worthy of the policy. It soon became clear that the difficulty of pacifying Upper Burmah had not been as accurately estimated as the ease with which it could be overrun. Broken bands of King Theebaw's army were allowed to collect in the jungle, and with the help of the more disorderly part of the population to become very troublesome as partisans. Through the want of a sufficient force of troops to occupy the whole country properly, some of these bands were even allowed to reach such a pitch of audacity that on the 15th of April they signaled the beginning of the Burmese New Year by a raid into Mandalay, which they fired and plundered in some quarters with rather scandalous ease. In May the Indian Government recognized the necessity for sending reinforcements. Troops were collected in considerable numbers, and measures were prepared for a vigorous effort as soon as the hot season was over. The lamented death of General Sir Herbert Macpherson, who superseded General Prendergast, but died at Mandalay almost immediately after landing, has not caused delay. His place has been taken by General Roberts, who had already visited the country with the Viceroy shortly after its annexation. With the return of cooler weather his troops have begun operations with vigour, and the last

months of 1886 will probably see the final pacification of the country, as the last months of 1885 saw its easy conquest.

The other portions of our Eastern Empire have been free from disturbance. In India itself the most noteworthy events have been the deaths of Scindiah and Holkar, the heads of the two main divisions of the Mahrattas. The apparently endless difficulty in settling the northern frontier of Afghanistan threatened at one time to become acute again. A difference of opinion arose between the English and Russian Delimitation Commissions as to whether Khoja Saleh meant Khoja Saleh or another place, but the Russian Government being busy elsewhere there was no renewal of the Penjdeh quarrels. The English Commission has distinctly laid down the Afghan frontier as England understands it, and has returned home. Whatever doubtful points there may be are to be left for settlement by the Courts of St. James's and St. Petersburg, which everybody understands to mean that there will be no fresh aggression on the part of Russia till it sees occasion and a safe opportunity.

The situation in Egypt has not been materially altered. From a military point of view it has even been improved. An English garrison which continued to linger on at Suakim at a heavy cost in health to the men, and for no very intelligible reason, was withdrawn in the middle of May. At the close of the year it is announced that the advanced posts which continue to watch the Upper Nile are no longer thought to need the support of British troops. A diminution of the army of occupation is, therefore, contemplated, and, as at present advised, the English Government seems to be satisfied that one regiment of cavalry and four of infantry divided between Cairo and Alexandria will be sufficient to answer for the permanence of the Khedive's Government and the internal peace of Egypt. It must, therefore, be concluded that, in the opinion of the Ministry, England's hold on the country has become so firm as to make our tenure comparatively easy in spite of barbarian attacks and foreign negotiations. The semi-religious movement in the Soudan has apparently exhausted itself. As to the exact nature of those foreign negotiations, to use the politest term, little is known as usual. That Turkey would prefer some different settlement of Egypt, and that France would like to see another European Power occupying the country, or at least supreme there, are familiar facts. What these Powers exactly want, and how they propose to get it, are things less well known. Moukhtar Pasha has come, and, with no small parade, has made propositions which Sir Drummond Wolff has described as inadmissible. His word has been taken on the subject. France, again, has not so much made propositions as asked questions. What they precisely are is a matter for speculation. That they in no way resemble the draft despatches published in the Parisian press is certain, firstly, because M. de Freycinet has said so; and, secondly, because it needs no commentator to prove that, if any such demands as those were presented, they would receive an answer which would put the French Government in the dilemma of either submitting to a rebuff or declaring war. It has not incurred the risk of having to sit on either horn. It may be safely concluded that, if it has asked any questions, they have been very guarded, and have elicited the stock reply that England will remain in Egypt until it can go out with safety. At one time it was reported that M. Waddington had something serious to say about the Suez Canal. Nobody has yet discovered in what the gravity of his communications consisted. The Suez Canal question, whatever it is, has doubtless been a minor version of the greater Egyptian question. In the financial condition of the country there has been an improvement which will make it possible to remove the tax on the foreign bondholders, and the sentence of Riaz Pasha for official misconduct and defiance of the laws cannot fail to have a wholesome effect on the administration.

In purely Colonial affairs there has been a revival of two standing quarrels, though happily not on a great scale. An apparently unauthorized and certainly unnecessary French occupation of the New Hebrides has caused not a little anger in Australia and some negotiations between the home Governments, from which it appears that no permanent annexation is designed. The fishery disputes with America have been reawakened by the determination of the Canadians to enforce a strict observance of the conventions by American fishermen. Vessels have been seized and confiscated, and not a little ill feeling aroused on both sides; but from the tone of the President's Message to Congress it would appear that there is no inclination on the part of the United States to give a local dispute the proportions of a national quarrel. Although New Zealand has suffered severely from one of the earthquakes which have visited many parts of the world this year, the internal progress of the Colonies has not been checked. Even South Africa has enjoyed such prosperity as it seems fated to attain with no greater check than an inroad by one population of barbarians on another. It is among the most satisfactory of the signs of the times that colonial Governments are showing an increasing disposition to combine in matters of common interest, and that there is a growing desire for closer union between the colonies and the mother-country. A Colonial Conference is to meet in the coming year to discuss measures for drawing the bonds of union closer.

Socialism has become so much a matter of international interest that the movements of the genuine or supposed holders of the very various creeds which go by this vague name may be most conveniently given together. Belgium, Austria, the United States, and England have all been the scenes of disturbances of various degrees of importance. During the month of March there was an outbreak in Belgium, undoubtedly headed by Socialists, which



reached the proportions of a Jacquerie. The prolonged commercial depression from which the whole civilized world has been suffering has not spared the Low Countries. Many thousands of workmen were in undoubted distress. Under the undiagnosed instigation of Socialist journalists and speakers, the workmen of several towns, and notably of Liège and Charleroi, broke into open violence. In most places the authorities succeeded in maintaining order, but in these two towns the mob got the upper hand. There was a great deal of plundering, and damage was done to the amount of millions of francs. It was not until a large body of troops was employed and the country people had risen on the plundering bands from the cities that order was restored. In Austria, where the Socialists had been active for some time in collecting funds by robbery and murder, they proceeded to more important operations. Several fires in provincial towns, and in particular one at Stry in Galicia, a place of 15,000 inhabitants, which was burnt to the ground, were attributed to their efforts in the cause of the poor with some plausibility. There seems good reason to believe that they had prepared to repeat their real or imaginary feat at Stry in Vienna itself when the conspiracy was detected. In the United States the semi-Socialistic body calling itself the "Knights of Labour" has been engaged in both the Central and the Eastern States in endeavouring to dictate to all employers of labour by means of an extended system of boycotting. At St. Louis the Knights tried to lay hands on a great railway system. These efforts were met with the vigour which the Federal and State authorities in America seldom fail to display when agitators pass from talking nonsense to acting mischief. Some of the more pernicious of the foreign Socialists, and among them Herr Most, were laid by the heels, and boycotters were swept in by aboals in the large and useful legal net known as conspiracy. The most violent outbreak of the Socialists pure and simple was at Chicago, where a cowardly mob, mainly composed of immigrants from Europe, were guilty of the dastardly folly of throwing dynamite bombs into the ranks of a body of police. They were as roughly handled as they deserved, and nine of them have since been condemned to death, though, owing to the inhumane delays permitted by the administration of the criminal law in the United States, they have not yet received their merited hanging. Our own experience of the Socialists has happily been less serious, the breed here being rather of the talking than the murdering genus. One feeble riot in London, and a good deal of tiresome disturbance in the streets, has been the limit of their success. On the 8th of February, London, which is commonly the most orderly city in the world of any great size, was disturbed in one of its quarters by a robbing and window-breaking uproar which grew out of a workmen's meeting in Trafalgar Square. A body, calling itself the Social Democratic Federation, resolved to disturb the oratory of other bodies professing to represent the unemployed workmen of London. Having got the worst of a scuffle in the Square, a hundred or two of them broke out into window-breaking and robbery in the West End. By the most astonishing laxity and mishandling of their men on the part of the chiefs of the police, this rabble was allowed to do a not inconsiderable amount of damage before it was brought to order, more by its own fatigue than by any exertions of the force. A few of the offenders were subsequently punished for larceny, but the directors of the whole movement were acquitted of inciting to sedition, the offence for which the Separatist Ministry decided to proceed against them. Subsequent efforts of the Social Democratic Federation to disturb the Lord Mayor's Show on the 9th of November, and a threatening meeting on their own account in Trafalgar Square a fortnight later, were rendered harmless by the better management of the police, now in other hands.

The common foreign affair of Europe during the past year has been the Bulgarian offspring of the Eastern question. It was in one phase of difficulty on the 1st of January, and it is in another at the 31st of December. It has all along been, and will assuredly continue to be, complicated by those relations of suppressed hostility between the Great Powers of Europe which threaten to produce a war of dreadful magnitude from day to day. When the year began Bulgaria was resting after its victory over Serbia, and was endeavouring, with the help of some and in spite of the hindrance of others of the European Powers, to come to some arrangement with Turkey by which its union with Eastern Roumelia might be recognized. Prince Alexander was striving to get the official government of Roumelia in some way which would make the union permanent. Serbia was sulking, and apparently threatening to fight again. Greece was vapouring, and asserting its determination to fight. The most pressing work on hand for Europe was to keep these little States quiet. Serbia was kept within bounds by Austrian pressure. Greece was less easy to manage. M. Delyannis, the Premier, found his popularity well served by making ostentatious preparations for an invasion of Macedonia. He acted as if he thought he would coerce Europe into giving Greece a handsome bribe to keep quiet at the expense of Turkey by threatening to set a war going. As it was not the interest of Russia to foster such a war at the moment, he met with no encouragement except, in a very platonic way, from France. Up to the end of May, however, it seemed not impossible that the folly of M. Delyannis would have serious consequences. Greece collected an army absurdly out of proportion with its resources, and massed it on the borders of Macedonia. It kept it there, with some pertinacity, in spite of the warnings of the Great Powers. There was even at last a little splutter of fighting with the Turkish outposts, in which the Greek troops conducted themselves in a fashion which showed what a serious war it would

have been for Greece. Before this, however, the European Powers had at last taken measures to bring M. Delyannis to his senses; or, according to another version, to show that he had only been shamming mad after all. After many warnings they, with the exception of France, prepared to blockade the Greek ports. Disregarding a curious attempt of the French Minister to assume the part of mediator, they declared the blockade in the last days of May. Early in June the Greeks became convinced that enough had been done "for honour," and they then surrendered. Their army marched home to look after the neglected harvest of the year, and it is of good example for the future that they did not obtain any solatium for what they call their sacrifices.

Subsequent events in Bulgaria have rendered the negotiations of the first months of the year matters of comparatively little interest. The Prince succeeded in arranging a peace with Serbia by means of a treaty which, with unwonted brevity, but in sufficiently clear terms, simply notified the fact that the war was at an end. For a time he seemed not unlikely to succeed in his negotiations with Turkey. His aim was to secure the governorship of East Roumelia for life, an arrangement which would have made the union with Bulgaria permanent without officially detaching it from the Turkish Empire. To this the Porte might have agreed if the active opposition of Russia had not outweighed the languid approval of the rest of Europe. At last the Porte, on the suggestion of some of the Powers, agreed to give the nomination for five years. As this would, in the opinion of the Bulgarians, have left the unification of the two provinces still doubtful and liable to revision, the Prince declined the nomination on such terms. Russian agents were active in trying to stir up discontent in Bulgaria against the Prince for the failure due to their own pressure on the Porte, and a very strained position lasted until it was changed for another, and a worse, by a piece of political violence unrivalled since the kidnapping of the Duc d'Enghien.

On the night of the 20th-21st of August, Prince Alexander was seized in his palace at Sofia by a gang of mutineers, and hurried out of the country. Being avowedly partisans of Russia, and, as nobody doubts, paid agents of its Government, they naturally landed him on Russian soil at Bessarabia. This melodramatic event was followed by a series of others as sudden, inexplicable, and bewildering as itself. Barely had the military conspirators had time to draw up, print, and placard a proclamation to the effect that the Bulgarian people had removed the Prince as an enemy to the country, before the Bulgarian people, as represented by Colonel Mutkuroff and the bulk of the army, had them by the scruff of the neck. They were put under lock and key, and a regency appointed. Meanwhile, the Russian Government had made its mind up not to detain Prince Alexander. He returned to Sofia apparently master of the situation. Then he did a thing not less surprising to the world than either of these changes of scene. He telegraphed to the Czar in terms of abject submission, and, when he was answered with gross rudeness, announced his intention of abdicating. The general tone of the German official press partly explains his action. It was very clear that the Powers of Central Europe were prepared to allow a considerable latitude to Russia as against the Prince personally, and he seems to have found his position untenable. The depth of his submission may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that it is the habit of all Germans, including the little princes, to grovel to all great princes. The disappearance of Prince Alexander, who persisted in abdicating in spite of the apparently zealous opposition of his army, was not found to serve the turn of Russia in any obvious way. The regency, largely composed of the men who had brought about the return of the Prince, was every whit as obstinate in resisting dictation, and much less easy to kidnap. It persisted in governing in its own interest, in declining to consider itself illegal at the dictation of Russia, in calling the Sobranje together, and proceeding to the election of a new prince. It did, indeed, release the conspirators against Prince Alexander on the demand of Russia, and on the advice of Germany and Austria, which are clearly prepared to go very far in humouring the Czar. This concession was not, however, accompanied by any considerable yielding to Russian intrigue. When gangs of roughs were hired to disturb the elections, when handfuls of mutineers tried *pronunciamientos*, and drunken cavasses of the Russian consulates behaved riotously, they were always suppressed, and occasionally trounced. The chief Russian agent, Baron Kaulbars, who came to Sofia to pronounce the orders of his master, was allowed to pronounce them to his heart's content. During several weeks this official afforded Europe the curious spectacle of a high military officer, representing a Great Power, who played the stump orator and was hooted, wrote abusive notes to which he got no answers or only ironical answers, and who generally comported himself like a theatrical bully. After roving up and down Bulgaria for several weeks to no purpose, Baron Kaulbars retired, taking the staff of the Russian consulates with him, and the Czar has decorated the drunken cavasses. The Bulgarian regency goes on its way not, as it would seem, much affected by the absence of General Kaulbars. Its position is, however, not an easy one, for it needs a prince, and no one can be got at present whom Russia will accept, and the Russian candidate is a bankrupt gentleman from the Caucasus whom the Bulgarians will not hear of.

The sudden changes of recent Bulgarian politics would not be other than slightly ludicrous to the rest of Europe if it were not, unfortunately, certain that they may at any moment be the means of producing a great war. The anger of the Czar, who is known

to feel his failure to dominate in Bulgaria acutely, may induce him to order a military occupation of the country. Austrian and English statesmen have declared that they would consider this step as a *casus belli*—of course in words of the necessary diplomatic reserve. Germany will not allow Austria to be too seriously weakened. Behind this possibility of war there is the standing quarrel between France and Germany. France has more than once shown an inclination to support Russia in a timid way in the course of the past year, and it is believed to be not indisposed to foster a quarrel which it hopes would afford it an opportunity of revenging the defeats of sixteen years ago. In these things the belief that an intention exists is apt to lead to consequences as serious as could be produced by its real existence. At the close of the year the German Government has certainly made a public declaration of its fear of the increased strength of the French army, and is preparing to increase its own. The French, in spite of their serious financial embarrassments, show no want of readiness to spend vast sums of money in still further increasing their armaments. In spite of the cautious language of public men, there is no doubt that these Powers are prepared to damage one another mortally, if possible, whenever an opportunity arises. As long as this is the case, the existence of disorder in the South-East of Europe is full of peril. Indeed, at this moment nothing seems to stand between Europe and a war of terrible proportions except the unwillingness of any single Power to begin.

The domestic affairs of the different Powers of Europe have not been marked by any events of great interest or gravity during the past year. In France M. de Freycinet endeavoured to rule in the least Radical way possible under the virtual dictatorship of M. Clémenceau until he was overthrown by a chance combination of the Radical and Conservative parties. To foreigners the most interesting of his measures in this sense was the expulsion of the Orléanist and Bonapartist Princes on the ground that they were generally too conspicuous. One of them, the Duc d'Aumale, was expelled later than the representatives of the Duc d'Orléans because he had offended General Boulanger, a Minister of War who has suddenly sprung from obscurity into a position of such importance that people even speculate without too manifest absurdity on the possibility of one day seeing him Dictator. Germany has been mainly occupied in watching the possible signs of war. One of its minor States—Bavaria—has been the scene of a royal tragedy, the deposition and subsequent suicide of King Lewis, whose notorious madness had at length reached a point which rendered him no longer endurable on the throne. A half-imaginary slight to their feelings put the excitable Hungarians into a rage which at one time seemed not unlikely to cause a serious quarrel between the two great divisions of the Austrian Empire. Reflection and the timely personal intervention of the Emperor averted any serious consequences. As the Nihilists have been crushed out or have remained quiet, the internal history of Russia has been a blank for foreigners. As much may be said for the internal affairs of Italy. Among the minor States Spain retains a certain pre-eminence as far as the power of getting itself talked of is concerned. A murderous, but also futile, *pronunciamiento* at Madrid attracted some attention, which was prolonged by the long hesitation of the Government to punish the offenders, and its final decision to spare their lives under the influence of a strong public sentiment of misplaced pity. The posthumous birth of an heir to Alfonso XII. was also a subject of much interest. Such an event is so rare that it was generally felt to be appropriate to Spain. The other small States of Europe have remained at peace, or have only been disturbed by riots of the kind already described. In America the United States continue to be troubled with the difficulty of getting rid of an enormous surplus revenue, and now and then by rioters, but in no other way. Spanish America has its occasional revolution, which no European can find either interesting or intelligible. In Asia China is believed to have begun seriously to try what breechloaders can do for it, and its Emperor has reached his majority. The rest of Asia either follows the lead of the two great Western Powers which dominate it or awaits inevitable annexation in a state of decadence and squalor.

The obituary of the year is long, and if it contains no name of absolutely first-rate importance, there are many in it of considerable distinction. An Englishman will naturally give the first place to Mr. W. E. Forster, the most independent of Liberals and toughest of North-countrymen, who died just when his services would have been of inestimable value to the Unionist party, but not before he had expressed his opinion of Mr. Gladstone's last policy unmistakably. In Dr. Thompson Trinity College lost a head who in the less flashy and popular qualities was one of the most remarkable men who have ruled it since Bentley. The death of Sir T. Erskine May, who did not live long enough to be known by his well-won title of Lord Farnborough, removed the most esteemed of the permanent officials of the House of Commons and the first authority on recent constitutional history. Lord Monkswell has been lost from his place in the Privy Council which he filled with the competence given by a combination of judicial and literary distinction. His skill in artistic matters was a rarer distinction. A less known but much respected public servant who has passed away was Mr. F. Flowers, the police magistrate. Lord Cardwell will be remembered as the Minister who, as Secretary of State for War, helped to abolish Purchase, and introduced the short service system into the British army—two measures which, as they have certainly proved most costly, will, it may be hoped, turn out to be finally beneficial. In literature we have to lament the loss of Sir Henry Taylor, of Arch-

bishop Trench and of the Dorsetshire poet, Mr. Barnes—all three in the extremity of age and in high honour—of Professor Sheldon Amos and of Principal Tulloch. In the art world the early and lamented death of Mr. Randolph Caldecott has deprived us of the most humorous and one of the most graceful of English artists. Mr. J. Maas, the tenor, may be considered as an Englishman by adoption, though by birth a citizen of the United States. Mr. James Fergusson was known, not only as an architect, but as a writer on architecture. The death of Mr. Samuel Morley has deprived this country of a philanthropist of boundless generosity and of a politician who was at least in different to office. Sir Herbert Macpherson, who died just as he was about to undertake the pacification of Upper Burma, was a soldier of distinction, who might still have had years of activity before him. Hobart Pasha and Mr. Landsborough, the Australian explorer, both belonged to the race of honourable adventurers who have done England good service. Sir Douglas Forsyth, who died at the end of the year, was distinguished in a more regular way as an Indian official in the trying times of the Mutiny, and again later on in the weary work of watching and trying to check Russian aggression in Central Asia. The deaths of the protected princes, Holkar and Scindiah, have been already noticed. If general popularity, however, is to be taken as the test of a man's standing in the world, then Mr. Fred Archer, the jockey, and the greatest of jockeys, was by far the greatest Englishman whose death was to be deplored in this year. A broad, the highest name in rank in the year's obituary is that of King Lewis II. of Bavaria, whose melancholy end has been already mentioned. In fame, the foremost is that of General U. S. Grant, who had the good fortune to receive the surrender of the Confederate General Lee, and whose undoubted services to the Federal side in the Civil War entitled him to the gratitude of his countrymen and were justly recognized by two successive elections to the Presidency. General Hancock, who was unlucky enough to be opposed to the army of Northern Virginia before it was worn out by overpowering numbers, and who was a candidate for the Presidency, has been lost to America with Grant. Another American death of note is that of Mr. Tilden, who was undoubtedly deprived of the Presidency by shameless electioneering manoeuvres. On the Continent of Europe we have to notice the deaths in France of M. de Monseigneur Guibert, the Archbishop of Paris, of Paul Baudry, one of the most brilliant of modern French painters, of the less-known artists Eugène Isabey and Edouard Frère, and of M. Gabriel Charmes, a journalist of considerable note. In Germany death has removed Leopold von Ranke, an historian of immense industry and incredible fertility; the Abbé Liest, the pianist, who was in one way the greatest loss of the year, for he was unquestionably the foremost man in his line in the world; the philologist Madvig, who died at Copenhagen in December, and of whom in regard to Latin scholarship much the same may be said; and Emil Scaria, an Austrian singer, who had the misfortune to be known to Englishmen only in the dreariest part of Wagner's dreariest work. Count Benst, who had outlived his time, was weighed down by the misfortune of having to fight Prince Bismarck all through his active life. Another politician who had retired from active work before his death was Signor Minghetti, a well-known figure in the Italian revolutionary times. It is perhaps allowable to close the obituary with the name of J. Home, the well-known Spiritualist impostor, who gained notoriety enough to make his death worth mentioning.

#### ENGLISH METRE.

WE have read many interesting books and papers on English metre and English rhythm, and not many years ago the *Saturday Review* published (February 24 and March 3, 1883) some speculations on the subject which illustrated what can be said upon it from one point of view. We propose now to take another point of view, and a very excellent text presents itself in the *Chapters on Metre* of Mr. Joseph B. Mayor which have just appeared (Cambridge University Press). We do not intend to criticize Mr. Mayor's book in the way of a formal review. It consists of some interesting comments on former handlings of the same subject and of a very considerable body of analysis of actual English metre as presented in the works of our great poets, ancient and modern. But the examination, the endorsement, or, if necessary, the traversing of the opinions of particular writers on such a subject appears to us to be rather a process which a new writer on it is bound to go through before he writes than one the detailed results of which he is bound to exhibit when writing, at any rate, in narrow compass. It will be sufficient to say for the present that Mr. Mayor, if not quite so thoroughgoing and uncompromising a partisan as we should like to see, is a partisan of the "quantity" against the "accent" school; that he recognizes quite fully in general, though with some hesitation in particulars, and perhaps without any sufficient attempt to base his acceptance on general theoretical grounds, the fact that the prosody which is commonly called Greek prosody is as applicable with the necessary limitations to English as to Greek, and that it is not only quite unnecessary, but in many ways very misleading, to have recourse to accents and beats, and heaven knows what else, in order to explain the secrets or to criticize the production of English verse.

The great authority on the other side—on the side of accent, beat, pause, stop, section, and what not—as compared with the simple application of Greek *res metrica* to English, is, it need



hardly be said, the late Dr. Guest. But it is not necessary to criticize the Guestian system here. Something like it, with variations, has manifested itself in regard to almost every European language, as students of that language have multiplied, and as they have felt disposed to magnify the office of the modern scholar as compared with the ancient. Abroad the case has been worse than at home, because until recently the saving practice of verse composition in the classical languages has rescued English critics from the dangers which beset even, in reference to the classical languages themselves, such famous scholars as Lachmann and Oobet, and which, in the case of some modern French students of the Romance languages, have induced the display of what can only be called crass ignorance. Before a man is entitled to argue that quantity-scanning, that classical prosody will not meet the needs of English verse, he must at least know what classical prosody is, must be able to return marked and divided in scheme any tragic chorus that is set before him, and must have at least some idea that an anapest is not an amphibrach, and that an ionic a minore does not begin with a heavy foot. As a matter of fact, no doubt, the more compound feet are rarely wanted to explain English metre, and it may be doubted whether any but the iamb, trochee, spondee, anapest, dactyl, and tribrach occur; for Mr. Mayor is probably right in regarding the amphibrach apparent in some cadences as really a licentious anapest, and some scathful critics have questioned whether such a thing as a real English pyrrhic exists; while all the four-syllable feet, and probably all the three-syllable, except the dactyl, the anapest, and the tribrach, are of course resolvable into other arrangements of shorter feet. But the battleground on which the quantity-men and the accent-men meet and on which there is no possibility of reconciliation or compromise between them is this. Are English heroics, English blank verse, English eight-and-sixes and fourteeners, English lyrical measures reducible to such quantification as we accord to a play of *Æschylus* in its dialogue- and chorus-measures respectively? or must we elaborate a brand-new system of beats and stops, of sections and endings to meet their case?

In reply to the latter question we have here and now no hesitation in replying with a flat negation. No doubt certain combinations of metre—the hexameter, the aleaic, and sapphic stanzas, with others—which were a success in Greek and Latin are failures, or at least curiosities, in English. But there is no good English line the metre of which cannot be explained on the principles of Greek prosody; there is no English line not capable of being so explained which is not either a bad line pure and simple or else a freak of the artist's, arising either from mistaken theory or from a determination to produce a special and discordant effect. The contrary opinion appears to us hardly better than that singular crotchet not unknown to recent history, and perhaps not quite extinct yet, which imagined that Greek logic in another case, as in this case Greek metric, was something arbitrary and peculiar; that the best arguments were often not reducible to *Barbara* and *Celarent* (it seems to have been frequently thought by persons who talked thus that *Barbara* and *Celarent* themselves were terms of Aristotle's or Zeno's invention); and that the noble modern savage can run wild in argumentative woods of quite a different growth from those in which Aristotle and Porphyry and the schoolmen plied their forest craft. The last generation even of extreme moderns has reluctantly given up this particular craze; and, however contemptuous it may be of the machinery of formal logic, has admitted that it is unluckily impossible to say anything at all cogent against *Barbara* and *Celarent* without borrowing the form of these provoking and unkillable entities or the form of one of their companions. If an accent-man or a beat-man would only put his theory into verse it would not be unamusing to perform a similar kind office for him, and send him back his verses all carefully and satisfactorily scanned (as they certainly could be if they had any merit) in long and short. For the truth in both cases is exactly the same. Neither reasoning nor verse is a purely arbitrary product of the human will. Both obey the laws of the human understanding, and for good or for bad, in perfection or in imperfection, they are certain to reproduce themselves in different generations of men, if not with the absolute similitude of more directly physical, or at least sensual processes, at any rate in men of pretty much the same race with a fundamental identity of law. All that those terrible Greeks and Romans, whom panting modernity is striving to cast off, did, was to take advantage of their priority to examine and to formulate the immutable laws in both cases. It would be exactly as reasonable to say, as a schoolboy once said to a master who had set him a certain sum in proportion, mischievously varying it from the exact terms of the book the boy was using, "Oh, but *sir*! this is in *aren*. I've only been accustomed to do it in sheep!"—as to say that, because *Shakespeare* was an Englishman and *Æschylus* a Greek, *Æschylus* may have written in quantities and feet, but *Shakespeare* must have written in accents and beats.

To say anything like this is so obviously absurd that it may seem strange that any one should be guilty of it. The accent-and-beat structure seems in reality to rest upon two pillars, both, as it seems to us, pretty rotten ones. The one is a forgetfulness of the interchangeable character even according to the strictest classical rules of tri-syllabic for disyllabic feet in places more or fewer. The almost universal license of the tribrach in iambic lines is of itself capable of adjusting almost any English line to strict iambic rule, even if the more sparing use of dactyls and anapæsts be observed; while the great abundance of common syllables in English—an abundance in which English stands to

Greek as Greek stood to Latin—makes an irreducible spondee a very uncommon thing. The other pillar is not one of forgetfulness, but one of remembrance—a remembrance of certain actual English lines, which seem to be irreducible to any classical form. For the former error of course learning is an easy cure. Not Mr. Browning, nor even Mr. Browning as travestied by the wicked wit of Calverley, has ever written a line for which the seventeen syllables allowed by five tribrachs and an iamb will not somehow or other account, especially with the undoubted English licenses of the hypermetrical or hypercatalectic syllable and the final tribrach or anapest. As for such lines as that which Mr. Mayor quotes after Mr. A. J. Ellis—

Trembling spangles set in her dark gauze veil—

we are not at all careful how to treat them. They are bad lines, bad *simpliciter*, bad whoever wrote them and on whatever system of scansion they are intended to be scanned. The fact that there are one or two such lines in Milton has greatly troubled weak brethren; but it certainly will not trouble the strong. In the first place, it is extremely probable that Milton was led into them, not merely by a corrupt following out of his great and eminently successful principle of varying the rhythm as much as possible and at any cost, but by a corrupter following of the well-known incomplete lines of Virgil. In the second place, no poet, however great, can by a single example or a few examples claim to establish a rule. He has got to obey the rule; and, when he disobeys it, it is he, not the rule, who comes by the worse. In connexion with this we may single out for special commendation the chapter in which Mr. Mayor makes mincemeat of the singularly ineffective paper on "The Blank Verse of Milton" (an argument for the abandonment of all scientific scansion in favour of a loose æsthetic mid-nodding of the head) which Mr. J. A. Symonds contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* some dozen years ago, and which has always seemed to us one of the very strangest things written on the subject by a man of letters who was also a competent scholar. Mr. Mayor has been more merciful, though he seems to have been tempted to be equally thorough, in dealing with the curious craze that the English decasyllable retains the cæsural (incorrectly called the hemistichic) arrangement of the French. It is a pity that some scholars who have recently dominated old French philology, either from insufficient training in classical composition or for some other reason, have been as hostile, though in a different way, to the admission of the simple and final system of Greek prosody as our own English moderns. Their excuse is, no doubt, the license of the feminine or redundant syllable at the cæsura, as well as at the end; an excuse which does not exist in English of the last three centuries at any rate. Excuse of a similar kind for us there is none. It may suit crotchet and will-worship to elaborate systems of beats and accents; it may suit æsthetic laziness or mysticism to maintain that there is no system at all, but that the poet makes his own metre without rules, and therefore (for such Logic suits such Metric excellently) that he who makes his own metre without rules is a poet. Let sane persons nourished on sane studies have as little to do with the one error as with the other. The same tests which pass at once Virgil, and, as Mr. Mayor happily enough reminds us, Plautus, will pass Pope and Mr. Browning. And whosoever will not pass those tests, be he great poet of a hundred years ago or minor poetling of to-day, let him know that in so far as he will not pass them he cannot be saved.

#### COAST DEFENCE.

AT a special lecture recently delivered at the United Service Institution by Colonel Shaw, R.E., another attempt was made to rouse the interest of the public in our home defences, a subject which has been brought forward so often and so ably by our leading naval and military scientists, but the practical elaboration of which never seems to be otherwise than desultorily taken up. That a really complete scheme for the protection of the heart and head of the Empire should not only have not yet been devised, but should show so few signs of being even taken into consideration, seems little short of marvellous. Of course it is argued by those on whose labours the security of our coast theoretically depends—namely, the inspectors-general of fortification and submarine defences—that much has been done and is being done towards that end; but, as a matter of fact, the subject is not reducible to a mere question of parapet or cupola, torpedo or submarine mine, and it appears a truism to say that the isolated efforts of past years in this direction are altogether insufficient. Just as success in a Continental campaign depends on an intelligent combination of the tactics of the three arms and an efficient organization of all auxiliary departments, the defence of a country like the United Kingdom depends on the proper working, at the right time and place, of all the numerous and widely-different elements of defence, mobile and local, on land and on water.

It is usually insisted on that, since our safety must ultimately depend on our holding the sea, the most pressing want to be considered is that of the increase both in size and in efficiency of the navy, and that, since the fund to be drawn upon is a single one, all great expenditure on other defensive matters is so much withdrawn from what should be allotted to that more vitally important service and first line of defence. However plausible this argument may appear, it does not cover the question. The leading character

of the navy as part of the armed strength of the Empire is essentially its power of mobility for the protection of our commerce and supplies and for offensive action, and if the defence of the mother-country is to be entirely confided to it, it must inevitably be at the sacrifice of much of this valuable quality. Of course the independent existence of ships at sea is considerably limited in point of time; they require harbours, dockyards, and arsenals for their sustenance; but these ought to be protected from other sources, and we should be moving in a vicious, not to say ridiculous, circle had we to reckon entirely on the ships for the protection of their ports. If the full value of the navy is to be utilized in its own especial field, it should be liberated as much as possible from the work that can be done by other forces. As Admiral Sir A. Cooper Key pithily remarked during the discussion which followed Colonel Shaw's lecture, every available officer and man of the English navy will be wanted at sea in the next naval war, and that will not be too much for the true performance of their all-important rôle.

Coast defence, which is equivalent to home defence, independently or in conjunction with active naval operations, can then be considered under three heads—First, the defence of our military harbours and dockyards, the chief basis of naval operations, which, being as such a great prize to the enemy, would, in case of a serious reverse at sea, be inevitably attacked in considerable force, and consequently require considerable armaments and the resources of all the most modern weapons and inventions. Secondly, and of hardly less importance, is the protection of our commercial ports and shipbuilding-yards, on whose immunity from sudden destructive raids depends so much of our reserve naval resources and the machinery of supplies. These, of course, not being likely to be attacked with the same elaborate preparation and display of force as the arsenals, may be rendered practically secure with a comparatively small expenditure, and entrusted in great measure to local forces, which, however, would necessitate special development. Lastly, the defence against a descent in force at any of the numerous points which must unavoidably remain unprotected by permanent works, and which might be chosen as a landing-place. To prepare against this form of attack, the objective of which would be London, we require likewise local defence on shore and on water, with the object, at least, of retarding an invasion that could not very likely be ultimately prevented, but especially a sound organization and distribution of our auxiliary forces, and the institution at various well-considered strategic positions inland of magazines and points of support, from whence immediate offensive movements could be made against the invader.

Although very different in character, there is unfortunately no reason why all those methods of attack should not occur at short intervals or even simultaneously. It is not only the navy which must be strengthened, but our military ports, which are only potentially strong, and our great commercial harbours, which, if attacked next week by a really determined foe, could only offer an apology for resistance. The organization on a practical footing of our large resources in auxiliary troops is likewise of pressing necessity. Material in men, brain-power in leaders, we have in plenty; but, it may be said, we have no concerted organization worth speaking of, nor do we apparently choose to spend on the requisite supply of stores or the proper utilization of our forces that premium which is demanded for even limited national insurance.

Nevertheless, every effort made to this end is a step in the right direction, and the United Service Institution does good work for the country in giving such prominent importance to the question. Unfortunately its discussions are generally only listened to and read by people already convinced of the urgency of the matter. Would that the note of warning so persistently sounded, not only in the lecture-hall but on every available occasion, by Sir Edward Hamley, Sir Charles Nugent, Sir A. Cooper Key, Major Elsdale, and Colonel Shaw could be made to reach the ears or penetrate to the sluggish brain of that majority of the public whose persistent opposition to the necessary expenditure is what keeps the country from possessing that unassailable position which her part among nations demands.

#### A NOBLE VAGABOND.

TO reach the root of a melodrama it is necessary to ask of what crime the hero is unjustly accused. All heroes of melodrama must inevitably be accused of crimes they never committed—it is the law of their being. Even in *The Silver King*, which we take to be the best of modern works of this description, the hero is the victim of suspicion, though here there is novelty in the treatment of the familiar theme, for he believes that he has been guilty of a murder of which he is innocent. In Mr. H. A. Jones's new play, *A Noble Vagabond*, which also appears at the Princess's, a not unsuccessful attempt has been made to present the old idea in a new fashion. The hero, Ralph Deveson, puts himself in the way of being suspected in order that he may divert attention from the girl he loves—his cousin, Maud Deveson—for he is led to suppose that she is the culprit; a painful notion. The strongest incident of the piece arises from the business of the murder; indeed, so far as we know, Mr. H. A. Jones has actually hit upon an entirely new "situation," to employ the technical phrase. The crime which is the mainspring of the plot is the murder of a miserable but wealthy recluse, Joseph Scories, who, by a series of

tricks and fraudulent misrepresentations, has ruined the head of the house of Deveson—Maud's father, Ralph's uncle, Ralph being the son of an elder brother, and so heir to the property. Scories lives by himself (except that he keeps Ralph's mother a close prisoner) in a wretched cottage, where one night some stirring scenes are enacted. The author has here shown very considerable ingenuity, for the various characters are all brought to the place naturally enough, and it is reasonable that Maud should suspect her father of the crime, as it is that Ralph should suspect Maud—for he sees her leaving the cottage stealthily, and immediately afterwards finds the old man's dead body on the ground. It is invariably, or almost invariably, a grave mistake for a dramatist to keep secrets from his audience. Spectators desire to know the truth, and Mr. H. A. Jones is too expert to fall into the error of being unduly mysterious. Scories has in fact been shot by a vagabond son, of whose visit to the cottage none of the other characters is aware. All this is very skillfully devised, but the most exciting scene of the play is one which follows. It occurs in the room where the murder was committed. The villagers, gossiping outside the alehouse in the presence of Ralph—who, it should be said, is one of an exceedingly humble company of strolling players—express curiosity as to what has become of Scories. His messenger—the author solves what might be a difficult point by making this messenger blind—has taken the old man's brandy to his house and vainly knocked at the door. Scories has not been seen or heard of, and it is determined to go up to the cottage in a body and ascertain what has happened to him. Ralph is sorely disturbed, and eagerly strives to abate their curiosity—so eagerly that, if it were sought to direct general suspicion to him, his demeanour would furnish the excuse. He knows that the room these rustics propose to visit contains the dead body of Scories, and he fears that the discovery will place Maud in jeopardy. Something he can do to delay the expedition, and it is done. His partner carries the men off to the theatre, but upon the visit they are resolutely bent. In time the fatal room is once more revealed. Maud, half hidden behind a doorway, stands watching. Ralph is not visible, nor is the dead body; outside the inquisitive villagers are battering at the panels and shouting to the inmate to show himself. The point here reached has great dramatic value. A surprise is imminent. Ralph, it is understood, has hit upon some scheme for hiding all trace of the assassination, but no hint has been given of what this scheme is. Such a condition of affairs is seldom obtained in a play, and the author who arrives at it must be credited with the possession of much adroitness, always presuming that he can turn his opportunity to good account. This Mr. Jones does. Suddenly the harsh, bitter voice of Scories, the dead man, seems to be heard; a figure bearing the closest resemblance to him emerges from a door which has not been previously used. Words and gestures reproduce the marked mannerisms of the dead man, and, having girded at the intruders, he drives them from his doors precisely as Scories would have done. This is the more effective because it is all perfectly possible. Ralph, it must be remembered, is an actor. The appliances for making himself resemble the dead man would be within his reach, and he might very well have caught the tricks of so pronounced an original. All this is very good indeed, except that youthful heroines ought not to be in any way concerned with scenes of slaughter. What follows, however, is very much less commendable, and this is unfortunate because there is still a great deal to come. The way is opened, it will be perceived, to one very striking episode. The younger Scories knows that he murdered his father on a certain night; yet there is the evidence of a score of rustics who are prepared to swear that they have seen and indeed held conversation with the murdered man long after his son had left him lying dead. The author utilizes the position to some slight extent, but does not make of it what might be made, for the reason that by the rules of melodrama the fortunes of the hero must be traced. For two reasons we fall here upon tedious times. A well-marked path has to be traced to an obvious end, and this has to be done at altogether undue length, apparently in order that some elaborate scenery may be built up while matters of no special purport are being discussed near the footlights. All the characters take their turns, and grow very tiresome one after the other, the matter becoming really exasperating when the hero, the heroine, and her father meet and for a long while play a version of the childish game of cross questions and crooked answers. Along plain and direct roads which have no special or unexpected objects of interest on either side the dramatist ought to travel quickly, and Mr. Henry Jones dawdles. It can never be necessary to explain how a melodrama ends; for it is a matter of course that certain set results shall have been obtained. The acting of *A Noble Vagabond* is not very good. Mr. Charles Warner succeeds in attaining an effective degree of earnestness, and his reproduction of the violent, half-demented bearing of Scories is clever enough. Mr. Warner is not interesting, however, nor natural, nor real. There is no tenderness in his love-making, and when he has to assert himself he behaves in a robustious fashion which does not carry conviction nor create sympathy. Miss Dorothy Dene's Maud is picturesque, and to some extent unconventional; but many requisites are wanting. Signs of inexperience are frequent in her performance. Mr. Cartwright plays the villain, the younger Scories, with much quiet force; and Mr. George Barrett, as the manager of the strolling company—a personage who is a faint echo from Charles Dickens—works hard to amuse, not altogether without good results. Mr. Julian Cross's vigorous study of the elder Scories is



well sustained. Some of the scenery of the drama is remarkably good, and the dialogue is happily free from the extravagance common to melodrama. On the whole, *A Noble Fagabond* is superior to most pieces of its class.

#### CHRISTMAS BAGPIPERS.

AS soon as November begins to draw to an end, small groups of musicians may be met on the country roads that lead from the distant mountain districts, especially the Abruzzi, to Naples. Each party generally consists of a zampognaro and a cennamellaro, the first of whom plays the bagpipes, and the second a rude form of flageolet—the true shepherd's pipe of Italy. These for the most part are fellow-villagers, and their travelling expenses are seldom great. In most hamlets or wayside hostleries a short performance at noon and a rather longer one in the evening suffice to pay the score; for, if they do not stand exactly in the odour of sanctity, a slight fragrance of it clings to them. They are dressed in their peasant clothes, and they are trudging on foot the long weary roads with their rustic instruments to play before the sacred pictures of Naples on the eve of the two great festivals which mark December. The children in the nearer villages associate their coming with the approach of Christmas, and always imagine the shepherds of the Nativity in some such guise.

That is the romantic side of their life, and there is much in their appearance to support the most poetical conception of it; but in this rough world of ours there is usually a prose, if not a prosy, side to human experience; and, though devotion may have something to do with these yearly migrations, it certainly is not their only motive. At this period of the year the winds are sharp and life is dull on the mountain heights; there is little work to do, and no money to be earned. Near the sea the weather is milder, and there is much to be seen in Naples that is new and amusing to a villager, and may serve as a subject of somewhat boastful talk during the long evenings of the later winter. Hence a love of warmth and a longing for change and adventure probably in most cases stimulate the religious feelings which are the sanction and the excuse of the journey. A still more important inducement may perhaps be found in the fact that money may be earned even in the winter by the wandering musicians.

Their gains, it is true, are not large. The more respectable troops—if the word is permissible—never play in public places, except before the altars in some convent churches and before the pictures that still stand by the road or street-side; and for such performances they demand no recompense. But there are pictures of the Madonna with the Child in almost every house, and the poorer proprietors of these love to do them honour; and so, on the appointed days, they invite the rustics to play before them. The same parties visit the same families from year to year, and they make a point of giving the mistress of the house a roughly-cut wooden spoon for each new baby. The first of the December festivals is that of the Madonna Immacolata, which is celebrated on the 8th. As it is not especially popular, it is probably chiefly the fact that its date lies so near to that of the Nativity that induces the travellers to pay it peculiar honour, as a single journey may be made to include both the celebrations.

Nine days before each of the feasts the musicians play both morning and evening before the pictures or images to which they owe a personal devotion and those which they are paid to venerate. In the latter cases half a franc is asked for the eighteen performances. The sum is small; but even the poorest usually add an occasional present of food, while those who are better off voluntarily pay a larger sum. Some of the tunes are evidently so old that it is disappointing to find how modern the words of the hymns are. In Poland a somewhat similar custom exists, and there the whole family joins in singing the carol, the words of which are familiar to all. But the Catholicism of Poland is far more serious than that of Italy; and in Naples, when the pipers enter, the work that is going on is continued, unless it be too noisy, and the male occupants of the room think that they show sufficient respect by removing their caps.

In the old days the wayfarers used generally to find simple but hospitable entertainment in one or other of the monasteries, and some of them are still thus provided with the straw on which they sleep in a large unfurnished hall or stable. Others have friends or relations among the coachmen and the servants of dairymen in the town who, with or without their masters' knowledge, allow them to sleep beside the horses and the cattle—a perfectly accidental, but by no means unpicturesque, fact which suggests memories of the most touching details in the sacred story. The rest take up their abode in one of the small inns which travellers of their class frequent. There several parties unite and hire a room for twenty-five days or a month, with the straw that they require. It is difficult to ascertain the exact price they pay, as both the host and his guests have an interest in stating it at a higher figure when asked by an inquisitive stranger; but the single person probably rarely pays more than a penny a night.

Like most old customs, the yearly visit of the bagpipers to Naples is falling into disrepute. The rich, for the most part, no longer care to be reminded by their rustic tunes of the shepherds who kept watch beside their flocks on the eve of the greatest day that ever dawned upon the world, the shopkeepers think their music old-fashioned, and livery-servants pronounce it vulgar. It

is chiefly in the humble homes of those who have been compelled to leave the country for the city, and in whom both the measures and the instruments awaken memories of childhood and the distant mountains, that they find a ready welcome. For the foreigner they no longer form one of the leading features of a Neapolitan December; but, if he chances to catch a glimpse of them standing before the rough and coarsely coloured lithograph which they and the master of the house hold sacred, and to hear their music from a distance, the sight and the cadence may possibly haunt his memory for many days.

#### M. BUATIER DE KOLTA AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

ALL lovers of good conjuring must remember the astonishment and delight with which they saw the performances of M. Buatier de Kolta some eleven years ago, and all professional and amateur conjurers are grateful to him for the enormous extension of their repertoire which he made possible by the ingenious new methods which he introduced into their art. At the time of his first appearance in England, M. Buatier, as he then called himself, knew no English, and the performance being carried on entirely in the French language was to many people rather dull. Since he left the country, however, he has succeeded in learning enough English to deliver his "patter" in language which, if imperfect, is at least piquant and perfectly intelligible. In a programme which all lovers of magic could well wish to be longer, M. Buatier de Kolta introduces a new method or principle which bids fair to admit of very great development. He also performs feats due to his invention, but which have already been done by other artists; but no one, however ignorant of the secrets of conjuring, could help seeing the superiority in brilliancy and effect of the now well-known "Vanishing Lady" as performed by the inventor over the various forms of the same illusion which have been seen in England during the last few months, whilst the expert will notice many details which will almost make him doubt the possibility of the performance being only a trick. The same feeling that supernatural help alone can account for much that is to be seen at the Egyptian Hall was felt even more strongly at M. Buatier de Kolta's former visit to England. But within a few months all his tricks were being performed by other conjurers, but not for long. M. Buatier's secrets may be discovered, but most of his new methods, though apparently simple and easy to use, are not found to be satisfactory or safe in any hands but his. Mr. Maskelyne is to be congratulated on having engaged M. Buatier de Kolta; both these distinguished "illusionists" appear together, and, far from their programmes clashing or being in any way comparable, they add variety to the entertainment. During the vacation the Hall has been decorated, and by the partial introduction of electric glow-lamps, and by increased ventilation, the atmosphere has been much improved.

#### THE PAST BUSINESS YEAR AND THE PROSPECTS OF THE NEW.

THE past year in business matters has been one of hopes, renewed activity, and slow improvement. Some months before it set in the fall in prices had come to an end, and as soon as this came to be generally recognized, buying on a large scale began. During the long depression people in trade had bought only what was absolutely required for the immediate conduct of their business, stocks being drawn upon as far as possible. As soon as it was seen that the fall in prices was come to an end, stocks generally had to be replenished, and the replenishing began at first tentatively, but went on afterwards on a larger scale. All through the depression, moreover, wealth and population had been growing, and the one was seeking employment and the other led to a larger consumption. Thus demand was gradually increasing even during the years of depression. Lastly, the small number of failures comparatively that had occurred during the long depression at length dispelled discredit and revived confidence. These great general causes tending to improvement in trade made themselves felt earliest in the United States, where population and wealth are growing more rapidly than in Europe, where there is a vast reserve of unoccupied land, and where, besides, railway building on a large scale is going on, while railway building in Europe is nearly ended. The improvement in trade in the United States during the year has consequently been considerable, and it has manifested itself most conspicuously in increased purchases of European commodities. New York is the port at which most European commodities are landed, and there is at that port a very remarkable increase in the imports of the first eleven months of the year, compared with those of the corresponding period of the year before. In value the imports into New York amounted to over 40½ million dollars, against 35½ million dollars in the first eleven months of 1885, being an increase of 49½ millions of dollars, or over 14 per cent.; showing that the ability of Americans to purchase European goods has increased, and that they are in fact availing themselves of their better fortune. In Europe, on the other hand, the improvement in trade has as yet been but slight. So far as our own Board of Trade returns go there is, indeed, little indisputable evidence that trade has materially revived. It is in the more confident feeling of the commercial classes generally, and in the rise that has

taken place in the prices of several commodities, that we have justification for the statement that trade, in fact, has improved rather than in statistical evidence that can be adduced. In the metal markets generally there is unquestionably a rise in prices. Thus, Scotch pig-iron warrants in the week before Christmas were only 41s. 7d. per ton in 1885, while they were 44s. 2d. per ton last week; and Middlesboro' No. 3 pig-iron, which was only 31s. 7½d. per ton in the week preceding Christmas 1885, was last week as high as 43s. 4½d. Straits tin, again, twelve months ago was 92l. 15s. a ton, and last week 100l. 5s.; and English pig-lead, which twelve months ago was 12l. 10s. a ton, last week was 12l. 17s. 6d. There has also been a rise in the price of wool, and in the prices of colonial produce generally.

It is, however, in Stock Exchange securities that the most remarkable rise has taken place, and this is natural. Multitudes of shrewd and wealthy men with ample means of good information are always on the look-out for making money. As soon as they had reason to believe that trade was beginning to improve they eagerly bought up the securities of industrial Companies, and especially of railway Companies. It is evident that, if trade improves, there must be a great increase in goods moved from the producer to the manufacturer, and from the manufacturer to the consumer; and railways, being the common carriers, must of necessity benefit from this increased transport of goods. In more active commercial times, then, railway Companies already dividend-paying are in a position to distribute larger dividends; some of those which previously had not earned dividends become dividend-paying; while even those of a lower class increase their earnings and raise hopes that they may distribute something in the future. As it was in the United States that the trade revival began and has made the greatest progress, it was natural that the most eager buying was of American railroad securities, and this all the more so because there had been an extraordinary fall in American railroad securities previously. The buying of far-seeing capitalists was assisted by railway magnates and their dependents. The railway Companies all had plans to carry out. Some desired to make extensions; some to build branches; some to re-lay lines; all for one purpose or another wished to borrow money; and money can be borrowed more easily when both the credit of the Companies and the prices of the shares are high. Lastly, the operations of capitalists and railway men were followed by speculators pure and simple; and the result has been an extraordinary rise in American railroad securities. It had begun in the latter part of 1885, and, though there was a check at the beginning of 1886, it was resumed in the spring and continued up to the middle of December, when there came a fall, owing mainly, however, to the extreme scarcity of money and the refusal of the bankers to continue lending on the large scale required to support the speculation. In Mexican and South American securities of all kinds, State and industrial, there has likewise been a considerable speculation, based upon the revival of trade in those countries and the recovery during the past four or five months in the price of silver. In British railway stocks the speculation has been less violent and more spasmodic. Partly this is due to the fact that the improvement in trade here at home has as yet been more a hope than a reality, and partly it is due to the fact that there was very little fall in home railway stocks during the long depression, and consequently there was less room for a considerable rise. In foreign Government bonds the speculation, which has been reckless indeed, has been left almost entirely to the Continent, and mainly to the Berlin Bourse. On the latter Bourse it has been going on for years, and it is still sustained, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of Continental politics and the difficulty of understanding how the means of maintaining the speculation have been found by Berlin so long. Perhaps, however, the wildest speculation has been in miscellaneous securities, and especially in gold-mining shares. At one time the rise in these shares was extraordinary; but the high rates charged on the Stock Exchange for continuing transactions checked the speculation some time ago, and it is now restricted within much narrower limits. Along with the speculation upon the Stock Exchange there has been a remarkable conversion of private commercial concerns into joint-stock Companies. In cases where the capital invested is very large, and the turnover is on a corresponding scale, this conversion of private into joint-stock undertakings is natural enough, and probably the management is likely to be improved; but where the concerns are small, and the business such as can easily be managed by a single owner, the change does not appear to be for the better. The movement has by no means been confined to the more legitimate cases indicated; indeed, the more numerous instances have been of businesses which are too small to require a board of directors, a secretary, and a manager for their management.

The very close of the year has been marked by a sharp fall in almost all Stock Exchange securities and a check to the conversion of private into joint-stock undertakings, as well as to the creation of new Companies. This has been due, however, not to any interruption of the trade improvement, but to the scarcity of loanable capital and the consequent difficulty of continuing operations which had been entered into. Here at home the Bank of England had allowed its reserve to become very low. In consequence, the rates of interest and discount had been rising of late, and at last the supply of loanable capital in the London market became so scarce that exorbitant rates were charged to the Stock Exchange. Even firms in high standing and of absolute credit had to pay from 8 to 10 and sometimes as much

as 12 per cent. for money; while the "rates of continuation," as they are called, on the more speculative securities, ranged from 15 to 30 per cent. Naturally, a rise in money such as this checked all speculative enterprise, and there has been in consequence a considerable fall in prices, and the fall was preceded by a similar movement in the United States, due to similar causes. We have recently explained the reasons of the monetary stringency in New York, and need refer here only to the rapid diminution of the reserves held by the Associated Banks, and to the lock-up of money in the Treasury, in consequence of the cancellation of the bank-note circulation. There appears no reason to doubt, however, that the crisis of the past couple of weeks will be short-lived. It is due to a stringency brought about by temporary causes, and though money is likely to be dearer for the next two or three years than it has been for the past two or three, it will not probably be so dear as to affect either the improvement in trade or the speculation on the Stock Exchange. Apparently, the improvement in trade is but just beginning in Europe, and if no untoward influences check it, it is likely to continue for at least two or three years. In the United States it has made greater progress; but there also the causes tending to continue it are very powerful. Both population and wealth are growing at a more rapid rate than ever hitherto. The area under cultivation is being extended with extraordinary rapidity; railway building promises to be carried on more extensively than ever before; and, as Congress does not appear disposed to reduce the tariff, the expectation generally is at present that great public works will be undertaken by the United States Government, and for a while will stimulate unwholesomely the whole trade of the country. There are, however, two dangers ahead; one is the outbreak of a great European war. A great war of course creates an immense demand for the *matériel* of war; it calls into existence new industries, and therefore it stimulates trade for the time being. It also gives rise to an extraordinary demand for money to supply the vast expenditure of the belligerent Governments, and thus increases the profits of capitalists. The immediate result of a great war, therefore, would be to disarrange ordinary trade, to divert capital from peaceful pursuits into the industries ancillary to war; but after a while it would lead, doubtless, to great activity in those departments of industry that minister to war. If war is avoided, the second great danger is the breakdown of the speculation on the Berlin Bourse. It has been carried beyond all bounds of safety, and in the present condition of European politics does not seem likely to last much longer. Even a panic in Berlin, however, though it would for the moment disturb the money markets of Europe, would have little enduring effect. Trade would go on improving in spite of the passing check, and the unfavourable effects would be confined for the most part to Germany itself. A more serious danger would be a panic in New York, because of the operations of the Treasury in reducing the debt. That, however, is a disaster that is hardly to be feared in the new year. That sooner or later there will be financial troubles in the United States because of the high tariff kept up and currency troubles can hardly be doubted. Congress does not seem to be alive to the serious dangers which it is incurring, and extremely necessary legislation is being put off in a way that augurs ill for the future; but there is no reason to apprehend that the difficulties are very near. As far as one can form an opinion at present it seems as if the immediate disturbance of the money market caused by the recent contraction of the note circulation has almost come to an end. Within a few weeks money will be returning from the South, ease will be restored to the New York money market, and with the restoration of ease improvement in trade will go on; speculation on the Stock Exchange will soon revive, and we may expect to see greater prosperity than in the year that is past. In the same way in Europe, if a great war can be prevented there is every likelihood that the improvement in trade will proceed at a more rapid rate in the new year than in the past year, and that all prices twelve months hence will be higher than they are now.

#### TWO PANTOMIMES.

AT Drury Lane, in a new version of *The Forty Thieves*, Mr. Harris and his lieutenants have so far surpassed themselves that their achievement of yesteryear, prodigious as it was, seems already old-fashioned and poor. Nothing so gorgeously elaborate has ever been put upon the stage; and how the spectacle is next year to be outdone—how or by what means it is proposed to out-Harris Harris and improve upon perfection—is a problem, "Spirit-searching, light-abandoned," almost too tremendous for consideration. That the attempt will be made is certain; and as certain it is that it will be made in the wrong direction. The fault of the present essay is that there is far too much of it. There is but little pantomime, and of spectacle there is an intolerable deal. Next year there will be still less pantomime and still more spectacle; so that in course of time the two will come to be interchangeable terms. It will be necessary to go on cutting down the dialogue and the fun, and inventing and arranging more and greater combinations of colour and light and form. The story will suffer, but of ballets and processions there will be no end. This year we are treated to a couple of pageants only; next year, if the record is to be beaten, we shall have to endure some three or four. This year the result is tedious; next year it will be simply insufferable. Then, per-



haps, there will be a return to the old and better order of things. Some manager will reflect that a good clown may, after all, be more amusing than a wilderness of ballet-girls, and a real comic actor more diverting than the most magnificent array of armours and brocades and silk tights ever put upon the boards. He will make the experiment, and the experiment will be a colossal success. Even at Drury Lane the scenes that go most brilliantly and well are, not the miracles of invention and arrangement on the preparation of which Mr. Harris has expended such worlds of pains and such an immense amount of money, but the plain "interiors," where there is nothing to look at but the personages of the drama, and where, in consequence, the humour of Messrs. Herbert Campbell and Harry Nicholls and the admirable talent and accomplishment of Messrs. Charles Lauri and Paul Martinetti have room for production. It is felt that, in the matter of processions, it is not hard to have too much of a good thing; the eye soon tires, the head soon aches, the mind soon reels, and with fatigue and bewilderment comes discontent, and from thence to impatience and disgust the transition is easy. Mr. Harris has carried the spectacular pantomime to its highest point; the possibility of greater achievements on his part is not to be contemplated without dismay. He is a great manager; but he is killing pantomime. Who will enter the field with him, and try the effect of a return to tradition? Who will reinstate the old convention, and give us a good book, and an army of masks, and a sufficiency of scenery, and half a dozen comic actors and actresses, and a harlequinade that is really an integral part of the show?

As we have said, the great fault of *The Forty Thieves* is that there is far too much of it. The first scene, "A Peep at Paradise," is—fortunately—very short. It is, however, quite superfluous, and might be altogether done away with; if it were, the harlequinade would hardly remain the unknown quantity that—in spite of the presence of Mr. Harry Payne and Mr. Paul Martinetti—to many of us it is. It introduces us, no doubt, to Ally Sloper (Mr. Victor Stevens), to a number of hours in gorgeous array, and to a selection of the heroes of the *Arabian Nights*—Camaralzaman (Miss Dot Mario), Aladdin (Miss Marie Williams), Noureddin Ali (Miss Minnie Inch), and so forth; and as it stretches out the entertainment, and costs money, and produces a certain effect of gorgeousness, it serves its turn, and is in harmony with the rest of the proceedings. It is in Scene II., "The Bazaar," that the real business begins. Here are Ali Baba (Mr. Nicholls), his wife Cogia (Mr. Campbell), Ganem, their son (Miss Edith Bruce), Morgiana (Miss Connie Gilchrist), Cassim (Mr. Pateman), Mrs. Cassim (Miss Victor, who, later on, will give a spirited caricature of Miss Minnie Palmer), and the most remarkable Donkey (Mr. Charles Lauri) ever seen. In the next scene, "The Depths of the Forest and Entrance to the Mystic Cavern," Ali Baba and his family sit down to partake of their frugal meal, and the Donkey makes the acquaintance of a Monkey (Mr. Paul Martinetti), who is a foeman worthy of his steel. The antics of the pair are indescribable; but they attain a climax that is really heroic in the "Interior of Ali's 'Umble 'Ome," a poor "flat," with no gorgeousness to recommend it, when, after a great deal of ropery on both sides, the Monkey shaves the Donkey, and the Donkey, bent on vengeance, pursues the Monkey all over the stage, and then all round the theatre; after which the pair embrace, and dance an extraordinary *pas de deux* and *cavatina* in a series of combined summersaults too complicated for words. After this the Monkey disappears, and Mr. Lauri is visible no more until the last scene, and what follows is mainly ballet and spectacle. First comes the pageant of the Forty Thieves, which is simply an Arabian Night in three dimensions—which is such a symphony of light and colour and form, such an "organized frenzy" of brocades and satins, and gold armours, and silver mails, and brilliant plumage, and tights of all possible dyes, and figurantes of all possible types and complexions, that it defies not only description, but understanding and patience as well, and is found some minutes and at least a score of *entrées* too long. Then, by way of anticlimax, we have "The 'New Club' of the Forty Thieves"—a pretty scene, but superfluous, and producing no other effect than that of longomeness; and next, in "The Banqueting Room" in Ali Baba's house, the most delightful episode of the evening—a comic ballet by Mme. Katti Lanner's pupils, the little creatures who will some day be *premières danseuses*, and wear the horrible short petticoats appertaining to that proud position, and who are, meanwhile, as pretty and affecting too as anything (words fail us) "that has ever been seen upon the stage." After this, Mr. Telbin's "Ruined Indian Temple," and the pantomime of an attempt at Suttie, interrupted by Mlle. Aeneas as the Genius of Civilization, fall a trifle flat. We are restored to health and spirits for a while by the scene changing to "The Deck of a Man-of-War," and by a ballet which includes a horn-pipe of tars in duodecimo, a sword dance of small Caledonians, a jig by a contingent of tiny colleens and gossoons, and a very pretty *entrée* of little Welshwomen; and we lose ourselves once more—for the last time, thank goodness!—in another most gaudy and sumptuous Harrisism, a tremendous procession in commemoration of "Queen Victoria's Jubilee in the Temple of Fame." Britannia and her Colonies pass before us with an array of banners, armours, attributes, and female beauty that is simply bewildering; there is what seems to be a ballet of Chimney Ornaments, with Mlle. Zanfretta, a living anomaly in short skirts and the attitudes and gestures of the "legitimate business" pervading it; there is a patriotic finale and chorus by Messrs. Clement Scott and Henry Russell. Then they all sing "God Save the

Queen"; and the harlequinade begins; and everybody staggers wearily out into the night; and the memory of Grimaldi and the Paynes is touched with an immense regret.

The pantomime at the Crystal Palace sets forth the troubles and experiences of Red Riding-Hood, and offers besides a certain number of particulars with reference to the adventures of Miss Muffet, Boy Blue, and Bo-Peep. It is by no means a good thing of its kind. It was, we are told, "invented and written" by Messrs. Oscar Barrett and Charles Daly; and, while the invention is lavish to the point of being excessive and superfluous, the writing is distinguished neither by pungency nor grace. There is but little story; and what there is has been beaten out so thin and made to cover such an array of tableaux and situations that, during most of the time, it is not in evidence at all. The play, in fact, appears to have been "invented" solely for the scene-painter and the property-master, and "written" for an auditorium in which, however fortunately you are placed, you are mostly out of earshot of the stage. The effect, it is scarce necessary to say, is uncommonly broken and fragmentary. It is obvious that there is a Wolf (Mr. Clarence Hague), and it is obvious that the young lady (Miss Katie Barry) in cardinal hose and a scarlet hood is Red Riding-Hood in person. Boy Blue (Miss Rose Moncrieff) declares himself in terms of apparel too plain to be mistaken, and the immense rotundity of Johnny Stout (Mr. William Walton) makes recognition in his case likewise an easy matter. The Baron and Baroness Crumpin-de-Muffet (Mr. George Boyle and Miss Emily Miller) are identified with ease; as are the Dame (Mr. Shirley Lea), the Grandmama (Mr. H. Zeitz), the Family Horse (Mr. F. Zeitz), and even the King of the Butterflies (Miss Coates) and the Spirit of the Silvery Stream (Miss A. de Vere). But it would be difficult to declare offhand if Miss Muffet (Miss Lily Richards) is Miss Muffet or Little Bo-Peep (Miss Alice Corri) in the absence of the Great Spider (Mr. Dezano), who sits down beside her, and frightens her, screaming, away; while as for William the Woodman (Miss Delphine), the Queen of the Bees (Miss Medus), the Wild Flower Queen (Miss Lucy Millais), they are, with Mlles. Fly, Moth, Dapplewing, Polly Flinders, Tommy Green, and others, only to be got at book in hand and by the exercise of such reasoning powers as you may happen to possess. To tell how all these personages—together with the Black Sheep who was so rich in Wool, an Elf, the Family Cat, and one Bumble a Beadle—are produced, and spirited away, and produced again, is merely impossible. Few or none of them are audible beyond the footlights; so that their appearances and disappearances, however grateful to the eye, convey not much intelligence to the ear, and make but a fugitive impression on the mind. They have their exits and their entrances; they are elements in a spectacle that is often charming and that is never altogether barren of interest; they take part in a great deal of very lively music and a certain amount of not uncomic business; and that is enough. They cannot be heard; but they can be seen. And it is fortunate that, in this particular, they are indebted only to nature and the costumier, and have not been "invented and written" by Messrs. Oscar Barrett and Charles Daly. If they had been, the chances are that they would scarce have "repaid perusal" so well as they do.

Signor Francesco has arranged some pretty ballets. The first—entitled "Where are You Going to, My Pretty Maid," composed of "Youths and Maids of High Degree, Milkmaids, Butchers, Bakers, Sweeps," &c.—is especially delightful; for the skirts are long, the costumes are exquisitely quaint, the evolutions are graceful, the music is all that ear could wish, and the spectacle is varied and delicate as can be. The second, of Primroses and Violets, is more ambitious and more gorgeous; to our mind it is also more commonplace and less successful; and, moreover, it suffers somewhat in the introduction of a *première danseuse* (Miss Annie Smaal), who wears (as Flora) the villainous short skirts against the use of which we have protested so loudly and so long, and is, in consequence, so completely out of the picture that, in spite of the lady's real grace and skill, her presence is resented as an impertinence. It remains to add that the harlequinade, which has been arranged by the Brothers Huline, is singularly brisk and amusing. It is horribly and deplorably unconventional; for the Clown (Mr. J. Huline) is full of dialogue, and the Pantaloon (Mr. H. Huline) is in this respect his worthy peer. But it has a certain novelty, and there is a duet, a duologue, a conversation between the Clown on a bassoon and the Pantaloon on what looks like the chanter of a set of pipes, which it is worth a journey to the Palace to hear.

A special feature in the pantomime is the performance of Mr. Dezano. It has nothing to do with the play—is, indeed, no better than an excrescence, an outbreak of acrobatics in the wrong place. All the same, it is admirable. As a contortionist Mr. Dezano is, we should imagine, unrivalled. To say that he is, to all appearance, altogether boneless is to be merely inadequate. He is "la grande Souplesse" in person, and only Théophile Gautier could do him justice. No serpent is more pliantly inhuman; no gymnast more supple and accomplished. His feats are almost frightening in their unnaturalness; and, were it not for the ease and grace with which they are done, they would be impossible to consider as they are to understand.

## SOME POINTS IN THE NEW CATHOLIC DIRECTORY.

THE annual issue of a new *Catholic Directory* is always a matter of some interest to the English Roman Catholic body, as containing the latest statistics of its composition and progress, in regard both to the lay and the clerical element. Not only do we find a complete list of the Archbishops, Bishops, Clergy, Churches and Chapels in Great Britain, but also of Catholic Peers, Lords, and Baronets, Members of Parliament and of the Privy Council, besides a good deal of miscellaneous information as well concerning England and the British Empire as Latin Christendom generally. There are two points to which we desire at present to direct the special attention of our readers—one of ecclesiastical, the other of national interest—but first a few words may be said on some other details of the information supplied by the *Directory*. It appears that in England and Wales there are one Archbishop and fifteen Suffragan bishops, including two Auxiliaries—for Westminster and Birmingham—while Scotland has two Archbishops and four Suffragans, all in the province of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, for the Archbishop of Glasgow is a titular dignity without any Suffragans under him. In Ireland, where all the old Sees have been kept up as before the Reformation, there are four Archbishops and twenty-three Suffragans. The number of priests in England, including several who are invalided, retired, or unattached, is reckoned at 2,273, and in Scotland at 326, while the churches and chapels in England are 1,280, and in Scotland 330. The Roman Catholic population of the United Kingdom is stated to be 1,354,000; of Scotland 326,000; and of Ireland 3,961,000, making a total of 5,641,000. It need hardly be said that the immense majority of these, both in England and Scotland, are Irish. And from a remarkable statement which appeared not long ago in the *Tablet*—and is therefore not likely to be an exaggerated one—on “the dreadful leakage of the Church,” we gather that in spite of the annual growth of churches, schools, and clergy, and of “Roman recruits”—distinguished or otherwise—there are “thousands” of the poor “drifting every year” out of the Church both in England and Scotland. That the leakage is wholly or even mainly due to “proselytizing agencies,” as we are assured, it is very difficult to believe; and we suspect it drifts much more largely to indifference or unbelief than to any form of Protestant worship. At all events, as we are expressly told that the children of whom “eighty-four per cent. become apostates” have all been trained up as Catholics, there must be something defective either in their education or their character, if their inherited faith has so slight a hold upon them. One thing certainly is clear, that the fervid Catholicism of Ireland, of which we hear so much—and nine-tenths at least of these “apostates,” be it remembered, are Irish—is not a plant of sufficiently hardy growth to bear removal from its native soil. What the writer of the very interesting sketch of “an Irish Parish Priest” in *Murray’s Magazine*, evidently drawn from the life, says of his hero may be applied *mutatis mutandis* to people as well as priest; “he was a Nationalist agitator first and foremost, a priest [say, a Catholic] only in the second place.” However, we cannot stay to discuss that point now. To return to England, the *Directory* gives us a list of 41 Catholic Peers and 58 Baronets, 9 English and 9 Irish Members of the Privy Council, 5 English and 75 Irish M.P.’s; whether the five feel particularly proud of the seventy-five need not be inquired here. We believe we are right in saying that Mr. de Lisle, who sits for Mid Leicestershire, is the first Roman Catholic member elected for an English county since the Reformation.

But the points to which we wish to call special attention just now concern the College of Cardinals and the religious statistics of the British Empire at large. As regards the first point, our readers may recollect how much was said at the time of the accession of the present Pope, between eight and nine years ago, of his hands being tied by the predominantly obscurantist Privy Council bequeathed to him by his predecessor, for all but four of the then existing Cardinalate, if our memory serves us, were nominees of Pius IX.; the greater part of the Sacred College he had indeed filled up twice over during his unprecedentedly long pontificate. But Cardinals for the most part are appointed at an advanced age, and the succession therefore is apt to be a rapid one. It appears that already no less than 46 of them have died since the accession of Leo XIII., and of the 64 actual members of the body only 25 survive from the last reign, 39 being “creatures”—to use the technical term—of the reigning Pope. It becomes therefore a matter of some interest to examine the present composition of the Sacred College, of which it may be observed to begin with that nearly half—thirty out of sixty-four—are non-Italians, five of these thirty being British subjects, and a sixth, the Archbishop of Baltimore, a prelate of the United States. Of the British or American Cardinals two, Dr. Manning and Dr. Howard, were created by Pius IX., the remaining four by Leo XIII., the first he raised to the purple, as our readers are aware, being Cardinal Newman, the year after his accession. In the same year Furstenberg, Archbishop of Olmutz, and Haynald, Archbishop of Kalocsa, were created Cardinals, both of whom voted *non placet* at the Vatican Council, while Haynald was one of the most strenuous anti-infallibilists. Melchers, Archbishop of Cologne, who was nominated in 1885, also took a prominent part in the opposition, though he voted *placet juxta modum*. Capececiatello, named Cardinal Priest in the same year, is one of the most learned and liberal-minded of the Italian clergy. And it is worth noting that of the thirty foreign—i.e. non-Italian—Cardinals more than half are nominees of Leo XIII.

We doubt if the proportion of foreigners in the Sacred College has ever been so large as at present. That there have never before been so many English-speaking Cardinals at the same time is certain. The entire number indeed of English Cardinals, both before and since the Reformation, is not a very considerable one, but it comprises some names of great historical interest. Among them Robert Pulleyn, the Schoolman, Nicholas Brakespere, afterwards Adrian IV., Stephen Langton, Walsey, and Pole are prominent before the final separation of England and Rome, and Dr. Allen shortly afterwards, of whose zeal and ability there can be no question, though it is unhappily impossible to exculpate him, any more than the Pope and the King of Spain, from direct complicity with plots for the assassination of Elizabeth. No doubt the same sort of defence might be made for them which has lately been put forward for Mazzini by an ardent admirer; they did not advocate, any more than he did, a promiscuous use of the dagger when no public object of supreme importance—as they deemed—was to be gained by it. There is some controversy about three or four of the earlier alleged creations, but putting the total at its highest, there have only been about thirty English Cardinals from Robert Pulleyn in the twelfth century to the nomination of Cardinal Wiseman in the middle of the nineteenth, during a period of 700 years, whereas there are at this moment three English, one Irish and an American Cardinal living, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, Taschereau, is also a British subject. Cardinal Cullen in 1851 was the first Irishman ever admitted into the Sacred College, and Cardinal McCloskey about ten years ago the first American.

If from the College of Cardinals we pass to the hierarchy, it is rather startling to find that the total of Archiepiscopal and Episcopal Sees in the British Empire—including twenty-seven Vicariates or Prefectures Apostolic—amounts to 142, being between a seventh and eighth of the entire Episcopate of Latin Christendom. According to the *Directory* the Roman Catholic population of the British Empire is not far short of ten millions (9,682,000), of whom above half as we have seen belong to Great Britain and Ireland. Of the remainder, 175,000 are Europeans and 980,000 Asiatics—chiefly in British India and Ceylon—135,000 Africans, 568,000 inhabitants of Australasia, and the remaining 2,183,000 of British America. This enumeration suffices abundantly to prove the accuracy of our recent assertion that England, though a Protestant country, is at the same time a great Roman Catholic, as it is again a great Buddhist and Mahometan power, whence it follows *inter alia* that we are intimately and practically concerned in the administration, and therefore bound for our own sake to cultivate friendly relations with the ruling authorities, of the Roman Catholic Church. It is easy enough to protest on Protestant platforms or in polemical pamphlets against the aggressive action of an *imperium in imperio*, but as Bishop Butler justly observes, “things are what they are,” and no volume or vehemence of angry protestations will alter facts. The problem for sensible and practical men is how to deal with them. And to those who are disposed to underrate or to ignore the significance of what may be termed in controversial phrase the chronic Papal Aggression on the British Empire—in other words the presence and gradual expansion of a large and influential Roman Catholic element in our midst—we cannot do better than recommend an intelligent study of the *Catholic Directory* for 1887. And we will merely ask them while doing so to bear in mind that, apart from all disputed theological theories of infallibility or absolute jurisdiction, the Pope is and must remain in a very real sense the *de facto* head of this vast and powerful organization. We may hold him at arm’s length, but we cannot dispossess him of his power or withdraw ourselves from habitual contact with his cosmopolitan influence. The question is whether we should not do wisely, even from the most Protestant point of view, to conciliate the alliance of a power we are unable to coerce or destroy, if we can do so, as we surely can, without any sacrifice of dignity or independence. It can hardly, for example, be a matter of indifference to England or to the English Government what manner of men are the 150 bishops or so who exercise spiritual jurisdiction over some ten millions of our fellow subjects, and how their jurisdiction is regulated; we know indeed in some cases to our cost that it is not a matter of indifference. The Governments of China and Prussia—heathen or Protestant though they be—find their account in negotiating with Rome on these and such like matters, and it is hard to see why Protestant England should scruple to do likewise. It may perhaps not be irrelevant to add that the present Pope has always rather gone out of his way to manifest a friendly disposition towards England, and has spoken even in official documents of the “religious faith and zeal of English Christians, out of his own pale, in a tone of appreciative sympathy and respect. The time therefore appears not inopportune for repairing what is widely felt among statesmen and serious thinkers of various parties to be a more intelligible than excusable mistake.

## HAWARDEN CASTLE ON LOCKSLEY HALL.

LATE, my luncheon! All the morning have I scanned these angry lines  
(Scanned? I humbly think he works the tribrach rather too many times).  
Late, my luncheon! Yet I hardly seem to want it as I might,  
“Locksley Hall’s” continuation has destroyed my appetite.



It is powerfully written. That I don't at all deny.  
Powerful all our Laureate's writing; none admires him more than I.

Ere another word I utter, be that point brought clearly out  
Past all shadow of misconception, past all vestige of a doubt;  
I, please God, will spare no effort, given life and health and sense,  
To expose the injurious falsehood, to annihilate the pretence  
Which would seek to represent me giving place to any one  
In my humble veneration for my friend Lord Tennyson.

Powerful? Yes, but with submission I, though I may well be wrong,

Venture to regard it as a most uncomfortable song.  
Sixty years of retrogression—or at least of standing still!  
Sixty years that leave behind them doubtful good and certain ill!  
Sixty years of public effort, worse than wasted and misspent,  
When for fifty of that sixty I have sat in Parliament!  
"Babble, babble!" What? "Old England may go down in babble at last!"

When for twenty years my babble has all other men's surpassed!

Oh, but this is really dreadful! This is blasphemy indeed;  
How can Christian poet cherish such a pessimistic creed?  
Since the day he heard the curlews calling over Locksley Hall,  
Does he in the London purlieu no improvement find at all?  
Since the day his shallow-hearted cousin that young man forsook,  
Think of all the Statutes we have added to the Statute-Book.  
Have we not a shower of blessings poured upon the human race?  
Freed the nigger, raised the workman, made the landlord know his place,

Given the poor a loaf unburdened, and an untaxed breakfast-cup,  
Fenced machinery, shortened hours, and made the capitalist "sit up"?

Do we hang the petty pilferer? No! we find the murderer mad.  
With the bad corrupt the good? No! 'mongst the good we send the bad.

See! to all our needy widows School Board officers go their round;

Postage has been greatly cheapened, penny newspapers abound.  
In the gain of his improvements now the happy farmer shares,  
Harcourt's done his level best to extirpate the breed of chafers.

From beyond the Border smiles a yeoman-race, no longer wroth  
With the exactions of hypothec (accent, please, upon the "poth");

Gone the abuses of the Poor-Law, as the last year's snowdrifts are;

Purchase not corrupts the army, press-gangs do not bag the tar.  
Do we fight the senseless duel? Do we sling the big, big D?  
No; our strongest word is "Bother!" and revolvers all we see.  
Votes protect the honest citizen, who can say both Yea and Nay,  
Since the ballot-box conceals his voting whatsoever way.  
Now the M.P. must pay his tailor—formerly it was not so;  
Now—and nothing, in my judgment, more instructively could show

How the thoughts of man have widened with the progress of the suns—

Now the affiliation-order against gay Tommy Atkins runs.

Truly when I set before me this imperfect list of gains,  
Quite, or almost quite, omitted in the Laureate's moody strains;  
When besides I note—forgive me—all the random shots he fires,  
"Rivals of realm-ruining party," "tonguesters," "babblers,"  
"hustings-liars";

Names of eloquent invective, yet of which I never can  
Recognize the application to a single living man;  
Names in his own phrase "of little meaning, though the words are strong,"

Spicing the trochaics of this most uncomfortable song—  
When, I say, these things I ponder, though I hate polemics, still  
I feel moved to write an answer—ay! and, if I'm spared, I will.  
Yee, already through my brain a crowd of illustrations rolls;  
I will write without delay, and offer it to Mr. Kn-wl-s.  
Mr. Kn-wl-s, who still, for reasons which I cannot fathom quite,  
Puts so flattering a value on the little things I write.

He will find, I make no doubt, some room upon his crowded page  
For my modest vindication of the incriminated Age.

He, I know, will print it straightway; he'll not lay it on the shelf;

And the injured Nineteenth Century thus shall answer for itself.

aspects of English life with such power as himself, uniting, as he did, the qualities of the scholar and of the man of the world. For want of such a journal the power of interesting has not survived him, and it cannot be said that the features of that portion of English life with which Hayward was familiar have received any special illustration from the posthumous publication of his correspondence and the slight sketch of his early biography which precedes it. Indeed, unless a promiscuous collection of letters can fairly be called a correspondence, there is no correspondence at all. There is no series of consecutive letters on the same subjects with the same people, and indeed very few letters of Hayward's own are to be found in the book. Such as do appear are, in fact, business letters—that is to say, letters written on the business of collecting or communicating political gossip, or to obtain information to be used in the articles he was engaged in writing, and this was the business of Hayward's life. He seldom appears to have written a letter merely for his own amusement, or that of the person to whom it was addressed; or, if he did, few if any of them have been preserved and printed. All his best things were reserved for his articles, after they had done duty in conversation, and he did not commit any of them to paper, either in his letters or in a diary. Of the letters addressed to him nearly all are from people distinguished by rank and fashion or in politics or in all. Many of them are also from persons well known in literature, but there is hardly one from any correspondent whose claim to distinction rest on literary merit alone. All this, however, is what was to be expected from Hayward's early formed and indeed laudable ambition to live with people of mark and to be duly recognized by them, and from the complete way in which it was gratified. This was a sort of gratification by no means open to every one, and it could not in this instance have been obtained without considerable personal merit, nor without great pains taken to secure it in the beginning and to maintain it through fifty years of successive friends and acquaintances, as it actually was maintained. Some price had no doubt to be paid for this, which it would have been difficult for any one to avoid paying and impossible for a man who had never had the discipline of a public school or University, whose temperament was naturally eager and contentious (a peculiarity which does not appear in his letters), and who, not without reason, prided himself on his own infallible exactitude, and was unsparing in his corrections of the blunders made by others in facts or in the telling of an anecdote. He had many friends who valued him—some for his intrinsic good qualities, more perhaps for his powers of being both useful and amusing. But beyond his own circle, and among the larger number of those who personally knew him but little or not at all, there was an amount of dislike for him which led to his being probably one of the most unpopular men in London; and this also is not indicated in Mr. Carlisle's volumes. Thackeray has somewhere said that it is easier to get to be a diner-out in Belgrave than in Bloomsbury; and social successes in higher circles do not help to ingratiate a man among those of his own degree, even when borne with the utmost modesty and deprecation of offence. On more than one occasion Hayward suffered from not having secured a larger share of general good will; and his failure to obtain office from his political friends must, along perhaps with other reasons, be chiefly attributed to the personal animosity which, with or without reason, existed against himself. This, again, would not be obvious to the readers of the present volumes.

But Hayward had excellent qualities, which enabled him to sustain his position during a long life of very considerable reputation and success. His family affections were strong, and his friendships were firm and trustworthy. He had a great love of truth, and his character was one of complete independence and of perfect reliance upon himself. His power of work was extraordinary, and he was most conscientious in his desire to do everything he attempted in the best way that it could be done. He had a very remarkable power of getting up and mastering the details of the subject upon which he was engaged, and was as conscientious as he was perhaps vain in acquiring the credit of extreme accuracy which he had so well earned and deserved. He shrank from no trouble in verifying or disproving the incidents of history or biography, and made it a rule never to repeat an anecdote until he had satisfied himself of its correctness. He used to say that he got up the materials for an article as carefully and laboriously as if they were in a brief from which he might have to conduct a case at the bar. And this capacity for exact work would unquestionably have stood him in good stead if his prospects of legal advancement had not been in the first place seriously damaged by his premature acceptance of the rank of Queen's Counsel, and again by his righteous, but extremely injudicious, appeal against his exclusion from the Bench of the Inner Temple—an exclusion which in itself, as has been proved in other instances, need not have affected his relations with clients, or put an end to his professional career. The amount of literary work actually done by Hayward was large, and he is said to have written a score of articles in the *Quarterly Review* after he was seventy-eight years old. It is not necessary to do more than mention his well-known translation of *Faust*; and he did good work in the *Law Magazine*, which was founded and for some time edited by him. His collected and published essays are numerous, and they are a mine of useful and agreeable information.

It is not quite easy correctly to appreciate his place in the political world. It was probably not so eminent a one as it pleased himself to believe it was; but unquestionably he had the means of making himself serviceable and acceptable to many persons of

## REVIEWS.

### CORRESPONDENCE OF ABRAHAM HAYWARD, Q.C.\*

IN the year 1858 Dr. Ferguson wrote to Hayward, and indicated what the present volumes might have been, but what, unfortunately, they are not. He quotes Lockhart's opinion that Hayward's powers of amassing interest were unique, and that if he had kept a social journal, no one then alive could present the

\* A Selection from the Correspondence of Abraham Hayward, Q.C., from 1834 to 1884, with an Account of his Early Life. Edited by Henry E. Carlisle. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1896.

the highest political importance. His influence in bringing about the coalition between the Peelites and Whigs in 1852 was much exaggerated by himself; but in 1880 he did a distinct piece of service, as he informed his sisters, when he secured the *Times* newspaper for Mr. Gladstone. Nor is this the only occasion recorded upon which he was of more use than as a mere frequenter of political salons, and as a busy collector and disseminator of the current gossip of the day. His political forecasts, however, were not always verified; for in 1850 he could write to Lady Morgan that Disraeli "was very nearly, if not quite, forgotten," and remarked "how soon one of these puffed-up reputations goes down."

The names of the persons whose letters to Hayward have been placed at the disposal of Mr. Carlisle form a very brilliant collection indeed; but the letters themselves are not such, for the most part, as would be selected as the best specimens of modern letter-writing, if indeed the art of writing good letters has survived the Penny Post and the use of telegrams. Many of them are really as much business letters as those of Hayward's which have already been so designated. Some few, however, are worth reading and are amusing enough. There is a good one from Mrs. Procter, written on the appearance of *Vanity Fair*, and pointing out Thackeray's as yet little appreciated qualities as a writer. Those from Mrs. Grote are characteristic for their honesty and good sense. Lady Dufferin's reminiscences of Rogers are capital, but the letters from Mrs. Norton are disappointing. One fragment of correspondence between Hayward and Mr. Gladstone in 1864 is notable. Upon the appearance of the alterations made by Disraeli on republishing his *Revolutionary Epic*, Hayward sent them to Mr. Gladstone apparently in a spirit of malevolent officiousness, and asked in his letter, "What other man would expect to gain by such a trick?" and asking whether he was aware that when the last Derby Government was hard pushed he had made an offer to extend the franchise to a large section of the working classes so as to outbid Mr. Gladstone? To which came for reply a very brief note expressing merely the opinion that the alterations made were not purely literary, but that it was not worth while making them; and as to the other matter doing justice to Disraeli, and saying that he had always maintained that when the time came for dealing with Parliamentary Reform, the labouring classes must be rather freely admitted to the suffrage. There is a concise but well-rendered political character of the late Sir Robert Peel given in a letter from Lord Dalling. His mind was not a creating one, but was open to the gradual reception of the growing ideas of the country, and he is compared to a clock which is silent until it strikes at the hour. This had its uses in settling particular questions, but was contrary to the genius of representative government, which requires confidence, and this cannot exist with sudden changes. Two letters appear from the late Lord Lytton dealing admirably, as was his wont, with literary matters. One of them contains some good remarks on Macaulay, and observes that there is a transition state of fame between the judgment of contemporaries and that of posterity during which a great writer receives a reverence not shown him while alive, but which the next generation will extract from the blind superstition attaching to the recent dead; and there are other criticisms on his style and methods in writing which are full of sound judgment and discrimination. A letter from Mr. Laurence Oliphant, at p. 204 of the second volume, written from Belgrade on the state of affairs in Austria and Hungary, is made difficult to understand by the wrong date assigned to it of 1869. From the events mentioned, it must have been written in 1860. Some expressions, too, have been printed which were obviously never intended for publication.

#### COUNT TOLSTOI'S NOVELS.\*

THERE are two men in Count Tolstoi. He is a mystic and a realist at once. He is addicted to the practice of a pietism that, for all its undoubted sincerity, is none the less vague and sentimental; and, on the other hand, he is the most acute and dispassionate of observers, the most profound and earnest student of character and emotion. Both these Tolstois are represented in his novels. He has thought out the scheme of things for himself; his interpretation, while deeply religious, is also largely and liberally human; he is one to the just and the unjust alike, and he is no more angry with the wicked than he is unduly partial to the good. He asks but one thing of his men and women—that they shall be natural; yet it is not to be denied that he handles his humbugs and impostors with a kindness as cold, and a magnanimity as equable as he displays in his treatment of their opposites. What, indeed, is apparent is that his interest in humanity is inexhaustible, and his understanding of it almost Shakspearian in its union of breadth with delicacy. Himself an aristocrat and an official, he is able to sympathize with the Russian peasant as completely, and to express his sentiments as perfectly

—as far, at all events, as the art of fiction is concerned—as he is to present the characters and give utterance to the ambitions and the idiosyncrasies of the class to which he belongs, and may be assumed to have studied best. It is to be noted, however, that he elects to seek his material at one or other pole of society. He is equally at home with officers and privates, with diplomats and carpenters, with princes and ploughmen; but with the intermediary strata he is out of rapport, and he is careful to leave the task of presenting them to others. It is arguable (at least) that only in the highest and lowest expressions of society is nature to be found in an unsophisticated state; and that Count Tolstoi, interested less in manners than in men, and studious above all of the elemental qualities of character, has done right to avoid the bourgeoisie, and attach himself to the consideration and the representation of two classes, the highest and the lowest. Certain it is that in this field have been his successes. The Prince André of *War and Peace*—cultured, intelligent, earnest, a true lover, and a true gentleman—is one of the noblest heroes in fiction; but to our mind he is no more interesting as a human being, and *mutatis mutandis* no more successful as art, than the Marianna of *Les Cosaques*, who is a savage pure and simple, or the Efim of *Les Deux Vieillards*, who would seem to the average Radical no better than a common idiot. It is, however, to be noted of all these three—the prince, the savage, and the peasant—that none is vile or sophisticated in himself, but that each is rich in the common, simple, elemental qualities of humanity. It is in these and the manifestations of these that Count Tolstoi is primarily interested. If he chose, he could be as keen a satirist and as indefatigable a student of the nothings, the *petites misères*, of life, as Thackeray himself. But he does not choose. The epic note is in all his work. The eternal issues of life, the fundamental interests of character and conduct and emotion, are the material with which he deals. Love, valour, self-sacrifice, charity, the responsibilities of being, these and their like are the only vital facts to him; they constitute the really important part of the scheme of things, as he sees and understands it. In their analysis the artist and the mystic meet and take hands; sometimes to each other's hurt, more often to each other's profit. The fact is not without its significance that no other novelist has looked so closely, and penetrated so far, into the secret of death; that none has divined so much of it, nor presented his results with so complete and intimate a mastery and so persuasive and inspiring a belief. Plainly he has learned "la vraie signification de la vie"; his faith in its capacities is immense, his acceptance of its consequences is unhesitating. He is the great optimist, in truth; and his work is wholesome and encouraging in direct ratio to the vastness of his talent and the perfection of his method.

Of all his books, there is not one but will bear reading not once but many times. No two are alike in material and in aim; and as there is none but abounds in the right elements of character and emotion, and conveys an extraordinary impression of veracity and intelligence, the effect of richness and variety which is produced by the whole set is remarkable. The writer appropriates his manner to his matter, and is never the same for two books together. In *Anna Karenine*, for instance, he is—apart from a peculiar breadth of view and a comprehensiveness of understanding which belongs to himself alone—a society novelist in ambition and effect alike; he has two stories to tell, and two types of existence to paint and to contrast; and he does his work so quietly and reticently, and with such a mastery of a certain sort of realism, that, in spite of occasional lapses into the epic—as, for instance, the magnificent scene of Levine and the mowers—the general impression produced by his book is that of a society novel which only differs from the rest of its kind in being uncommonly well done. In *Katia* he has told, in the first person, the story of a girl's first love, her early years of marriage, and the final merging and blending and disappearance of the romance of passion into the romance of friendship and maternity; and but that the observation displayed is too delicate and too keen, the analysis too lucid in expression and too choice and subtle in fact, one could well believe that it is the heroine who speaks, and that her confession is one that only a woman could have achieved. In *Les Cosaques*, a study of character and manners on the frontier, the scene is changed; he gives us landscape after landscape of the greatest strangeness and the rarest beauty, he pictures an existence as remote from the Paris and the St. Petersburg of to-day as these are from the Middle Ages, and he paints, in the savage Virgin Marianna and the old hunter Diadia Jerochka, a couple of masterpieces in portraiture as finished, as striking, and as obviously life itself as the Levine of *Anna Karenine* and the Bolkonsky of *La Guerre et la Paix*. The *Souvenirs de Sébastopol* are part fact and part fiction; they consist of sketches and portraits, studies of men and pictures of incident; they are the memories of a man of genius and a great artist, and they tell us more of the great siege, and more of certain fundamental qualities of the Russian people displayed in the defence, than anything that has been written. It is a far cry from work of this sort to the half-dozen allegories, legends, and stories written for sale and distribution among the lower classes, and collected by M. Halpérine, the translator, into a single volume, under the title *A la Recherche du Bonheur*. It is, we believe, a reproach upon the author that, instead of attempting to civilize his countrymen by means of adaptations from Dr. Buchner and texts from Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer, he has approached them in the guise of a teller of marvellous tales, and, leaving their heads to take care of them-

\* *War and Peace*. London: Vizetelly. 3 vols. New York: Gottsberger. 6 vols.

*Anna Karenine*. Paris: Hachette. 2 vols. London: Vizetelly. 1 vol.

*Les Cosaques: Souvenirs de Sébastopol*. Paris: Hachette. 1 vol.

*Katia*. Paris: Perrin. 1 vol.

*A la Recherche du Bonheur*. Paris: Perrin. 1 vol.

*La Mort*. Paris: Perrin. 1 vol.





Tuft-hunting is a peculiarity of stag-hunting, not confined to the grand occasion of the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to Exmoor, when no doubt it extensively prevailed. The tufters are three to four couple of selected hounds, which are thrown into a covert to rouse the deer, and being steady hounds, are expected to run the right animal in covert until he breaks away; then they are called back, and the whole pack, which have been shut in a barn or stable meanwhile, are laid on the line. The tuft-hunter of human society is probably, the popular theory on the subject notwithstanding, so called after these selected hounds, which are expected only to hunt the great stag, leaving the minor deer alone; thus the social tuft-hunter derives his name from a nobler animal engaged in a useful work.

Mr. Fortescue's book gives a complete account of the Exmoor sport. The stag-hunting season—August and September—is indulged in by many hundreds of holiday people, who fill the neighbouring towns, villages, and country inns. The best sport for a sportsman is the hind-hunting season, from October to April, but the hind has not the imposing appearance of the stag, the holidays are over, and fox-hunting has begun. The country was never better hunted, nor has better sport ever been shown than now, with Lord Ebrington as master, and with his good old huntsman, Arthur Heal. The book is furnished with a good map of Exmoor and the stag-hunting country, which will be of the greatest use to those who are not so well acquainted with it as Mr. Fortescue. And the illustrations by Mr. Edgar Giberne are of a very high class, after beautiful drawings of the scenery, the deer, and the hounds. It is very well got up, printed in large readable type, and it has not the fatal, though too common, error of lengthiness and prolixity. There are three appendices:—A, a list of good runs described, taken from Mr. Bisset's and Lord Ebrington's journals from 1855 to 1886, with two runs in 1815 from Lord Fortescue's hunting records; B, a tabulated history of the hounds from 1598 to 1884; and C, a list of ear-marked stags killed from 1855 to 1885, with their points—all of interest to the stag-hunter.

#### THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT.\*

THE cause of Chinese scholarship among Englishmen has received no severer a blow than that inflicted on it by the death in 1878 of Mr. Mayers, Chinese Secretary to H.M.'s Legation at Peking. Having been cut off at an early age and in the midst of his work, his literary remains are only such as give us a foretaste of what they might have been had not the Fates "slit the thin-spun life" so soon; but, though few in number, they have been universally accepted as books of reference by all students of Chinese. His *Chinese Reader's Manual* is a thesaurus of information on biographical, chronological, and mythical subjects connected with China; and the work under review is another monument of his industry and the completeness of his knowledge.

In a country where etiquette is a subject of copious legislation, and where it forms a recognized part of the national life, it is all-important that foreigners who are brought into official contact with the authorities should know exactly what is due from them and to them in the matter of titles and compliments. "What do you consider," asked a disciple of Confucius, "is the first thing to be done in the administration of the Government?" "What is necessary," replied the master, "is to rectify names." The importance of this dictum has lately been brought home to a member of the Peking Government who, in addressing a letter to the Empress-Regent, omitted to write her name at the recognized interval above the column of the text. The negligent Minister has expiated his offence by the loss of several steps of rank and has received a public reprimand, which it will be wise of him to take as a hint of the instability of human greatness. If he had had Mr. Mayers's book by him, these humiliations might have been spared him, for he would then have found full directions as to the official elevations of the Imperial titles. By conventional usage there are three grades of elevation of names above the general level of the text. The interval of the space of one character is accorded to the names of the palaces, the Imperial Court, the attributes of Government, proceedings by which the sovereign is addressed, and supernatural powers or beings of a secondary order of importance, together with the places at which their worship is conducted. An interval of two spaces separates the characters which refer to the person, attributes, or actions of the reigning sovereign or his consort. And a threefold elevation is granted to the Imperial ancestors, their places of sepulture, and the powers of nature, together with the temples and altars at which their worship is celebrated.

Among the addenda supplied by Mr. Playfair it is stated that the Empress's Regency is expressed by the phrase "to drop the curtain and administer the government," which has reference to the fact that at audiences the Empress addresses her Ministers from behind a curtain. But it may be held to have a wide application, and to symbolize with accuracy the general concealment practised in matters of government. It would puzzle the best-informed foreign Minister at Peking or even the most intelligent provincial mandarin to say who really wields the Imperial power.

\* *The Chinese Government: Manual of Chinese Titles, categorically arranged and explained.* With an Appendix. By William Frederick Mayers. Second edition, with Additions by G. M. H. Playfair. London: Trübner & Co. 1886.

We all see the bolts shot from the Imperial heights, but none of us can tell whose are the arms that forge them. So far as the outward framework of authority is concerned, Mr. Mayers's book supplies all the possible information. From the Emperor down to the junior ensign he traces the official hierarchy through the various branches of the metropolitan, provincial, and religious systems, until we are fain to admit that the Chinese are the most bureaucratically ruled people on the face of the earth; and if we were not at the same time partially admitted behind the scenes, and allowed to see the checks which the popular will is able to place on the authority of the mandarins, we should be inclined to add, "and the most downtrodden also." It speaks well for the accuracy of the original work that the information on these complicated subjects, gained by the experience of the nine years which have elapsed since its appearance, is contained in only twelve loosely-printed pages.

Many of the titles are extremely curious, not the least so those of the Emperor, whose common designation of Hwang-ti, or "Imperial ruler," furnishes an interesting example of the ancient Chinese views on Imperial virtues, as well as an indication of the sources from which the Chinese derived their earliest knowledge of writing. In the ancient script the compound character *Hwang* was composed of two simple characters, meaning "Ruler of oneself." By a comparatively modern corruption the omission of a stroke in the character has converted the original loftily virtuous title into one meaning the "White Ruler." The etymology of the second character *Ti* has through all time been a vexed question with Chinese philologists. They have not been able to offer any reasonable explanation of its shape, and for the simple reason that it owes its origin to a non-Chinese source. It is one of the most ancient characters in the language, and is nothing more than an adaptation of the eight-pointed star of the Babylonians, the meaning of which it has preserved. The "Son of Heaven" is another epithet commonly applied to the Emperor, who is also popularly known as "the Buddha of the present day," a circumstance which affords a strange evidence of the hold which Buddhism has in the country. "The Lord of the Thousand Years" is another title which finds its way into adulatory addresses, and may be accepted as the Chinese version of "O King, live for ever!"

Music forms an important part of Chinese polity, and is therefore fully represented among the departments of Government. Like the Royal College at South Kensington, the Peking Board of Music boasts a director and a sub-director. Here our power of comparison fails us, and, though we are not sure whether there may not be at South Kensington counterparts of the five chief musicians, twenty-five bandmasters, and a hundred and eighty musicians, we are safe in asserting that there is nothing answering to the three hundred posturers who are supposed to lend an additional grace to the strains of the Peking orchestras.

Although, from the nature of the present work, its contents are necessarily to a great extent technical, there is much of general interest to be found in them. But the great value attaching to the publication is its strict accuracy. Mr. Playfair had a most excellent foundation to work upon, and in saying that his added material is quite up to the standard of the original work we are bestowing the highest praise it is possible to give to his labours.

#### THE NICHOLAS PAPERS.\*

AN important part of the correspondence of Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State to Charles I. and Charles II., was published many years ago by William Bray in his *Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn*. Besides these well-known letters, the originals of which are still at Wotton, there is a large collection of papers in the British Museum containing unpublished correspondence of Sir Edward, of his son, Sir John Nicholas, Clerk to the Privy Council, and of his grandson, Edward Nicholas, Treasurer to Queen Mary, and in the volume before us the Camden Society has printed the first instalment of this collection, or rather of all that is most valuable in it; for, in spite of losses, the bulk of the whole is still so great as to make a selection advisable. The volume begins at the same date as the letters edited by Bray, with the appointment of Nicholas, then Clerk of Council, as Secretary of State conjointly with Vane on the eve of the King's departure for Scotland in August 1641, and what may be called the first part extends to his return to London in the following October. While Bray has given us the letters that Nicholas wrote to the King during his absence, we have here those he received from Vane and others containing an account of Charles's doings in Scotland, and though they are of considerably less value than Nicholas's reports on the progress of affairs in London, they present an interesting picture of the difficulties and perplexities that Charles met with in his attempt to content the Scots. "The 2 difficulties," Vane writes on September 13, "are the placing of Officers of State, Counsellors and Judges." Charles had given up much; for he was anxious to pacify Scotland in order to separate the Scots from the malcontents in England. He had agreed to submit the names of those whom he proposed to appoint to the chief offices of State

\* *The Nicholas Papers.* Correspondence of Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State. Edited by George F. Warner. Vol. I. 1641-1652. Printed for the Camden Society. 1886.



to the approval of Parliament, and he nominated Morton as Chancellor. This nomination was opposed by Argyle, who was certain to oppose any appointment the King desired. Charles wavered, and some of his friends declared that he ruined his own cause by his want of firmness; they "swore y<sup>e</sup> King could not be denied finally, if his Majesty would propose it like a man and stand upon it. And by y<sup>e</sup> way, these swearers say that y<sup>e</sup> King might carry everything, if he did not undo himself by yielding." A few days later the same writer says, "I could not find in my hart by y<sup>e</sup> last packet to tell you what became of y<sup>e</sup> choice of my Lord Morton." Among the smaller annoyances of the King must have been the necessity of attending, and appearing to enjoy, the services of the Kirk. Vane tells his colleague how on a day of thanksgiving "his Majestie heard too sermons, sungen many psalmes according to the manner of the Scottish kirk, and with as great attention as ever I saw him hear anym or loude service." From October 1641 to May 1644 there is virtually a gap in the Correspondence, for Nicholas appears to have been in constant attendance on the King after his return to London until he was employed in the negotiations at Uxbridge, the point at which the Correspondence printed by Bray begins again. In this gap, however, we have here a document of remarkable interest, the King's instructions, written with his own hand to Sir Edward Herbert, the Attorney-General, for the impeachment of Lord Kimbolton and the Five Members. From the erasures in these instructions it is evident, as Mr. Warner, the editor of these Papers, points out, that "Kimbolton's impeachment was an afterthought, the original intention being to call him as a witness" with certain other peers named by the King.

The second part of the Correspondence begins with some letters illustrating the sufferings of the Royalists. The house of Nicholas's father at Winterbourne was plundered "thrice in one weeke," and the old squire's "very wearing apparel taken away by base fellows." His sister-in-law, the wife of the Dean of Bristol, was brought so low that her maid stood in the market "selling of rosemary and bayes to buy bread." Nicholas himself had taken refuge at Caen, where he remained until he joined the King (Charles II.) at Jersey in October 1649. Some of the letters he received during his stay at Caen are full of interest; one gives a graphic account of the "Journée des Barricades," the riot that broke out in Paris on the arrest of Broussel, and others dilate on the iniquities of the Queen's favourite, Jermyn, and the cabals of her Court. Nicholas was too upright and too outspoken to please Henrietta, and in order not to offend his mother the young King made difficulties about swearing him as his secretary. He and many other good Churchmen were strongly opposed to the expedition to Scotland, and the agreement with the Presbyterians of that country. "Beleeve it, Sir," Lord Hatton wrote, "Mar. Argile and the Rebells of Englands doe well understand one another, and the way that the King now takes will nether make him feared nor valued by his enemies." Charles took care to assure the English Roman Catholics that he was only acting a part; he told Lord Beauchamp that he was "very ready and desirous" to lighten the penal laws, and begged that he and his friends would not take umbrage at the Declaration he had been "forced to publish." When Charles made his escape to France after the battle of Worcester, Nicholas, who was then at the Hague, was sent for to attend him at Paris. He excused himself on the score of illness, and soon afterwards declared that he was not sorry to be at a distance from the Louvre. The King had "resigned himself wholly to the Queen," and he knew that his presence would be unwelcome. He had sacrificed all for the Royal cause, and he felt that he was treated ungenerously. "I intend," he wrote to Sir Edward Hyde, "God willing, to stay in these parts as long as I can keep myself from starving, which is not like to be many months, and then (according to the resolution you know I have taken) to go into England and bid them do with me as they list." He was not driven to appeal to the mercy of Cromwell; he stayed at the Hague, and did the King good service by corresponding "concerning affairs there and in England." Among many interesting notices of events at the exiled Court, we are told how "all honest men" rejoiced at the expulsion of "that father of atheists, Mr. Hobbes," though Nicholas learnt with pain that it was the work of Papists. The present volume goes down to the end of 1652. Mr. Warner has performed his task as editor with care and judgment; his preface is a good introduction to the study of the papers that follow it; his notes are unobtrusive and useful, and his index is excellent.

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SERGEANT WILLIAM LAWRENCE.\*

THIS book is the rank-and-file version of the memoirs of General George Napier. Its authenticity is guaranteed, not only by the editor's word, but by internal evidence. If not written exactly as it stands by any Sergeant William Lawrence, it must have been compiled from the talk of a veteran with the skill of Defoe. So, even if we felt in the least inclined to doubt the word of Mr. Bankes, we should have long ago renounced our suspicions, since it is more likely that a Waterloo veteran should have dictated his reminiscences to a fellow-servant than that Defoe should be born again. Therefore we accept Sergeant William Lawrence as

authentic, and are well pleased to look at the old Peninsular and Waterloo times through his eyes.

There is, it must be confessed, not much which is manifestly heroic in the veteran's tales of old wars. Nothing, for instance, in the least like General George Napier's picture of Moore at Coruña. The Sergeant reckons little of generals, though he once spoke to Wellington, who promised not to forget him. His view rarely goes higher than the captain of his company. Politics interest him not at all, and strategy not much. He only "understands the bloody part," like the other veterans in Thackeray's verse. On this point the Sergeant was thoroughly sound. He does not seem to have had the slightest martial ardour from the day that an offer of bounty money and dislike to his master induced him to enlist in the 40th, until he was discharged after Waterloo. Between the two dates, however, he saw fighting enough, from Monte Video and Buenos Ayres down to the day of mud and blood; and he went through it all with stolid courage, winning such honour as a common soldier may. In the course of these varied martial experiences two subjects, or rather, perhaps, two phases of the same subject, were of paramount interest to Sergeant William Lawrence—namely, plunder and "tommy." Of the terrible want of tommy in the Peninsula, and of the various means taken to supply it (here comes in the connexion with plunder), the Sergeant has much to say. With infinite delight he tells how he and his messmates once stole a pig, and, foreseeing speedy discovery, hid it under the dress of a statue of the Virgin in their quarters, which happened to be in a chapel. As anybody who has seen the absurd skirts put on these images in Spanish churches will acknowledge, this was an effectual hiding-place. The pious Spaniards of the village never thought such sacrilege possible, and so Private William Lawrence and his mates cooked and ate that pig later on. Again, he tells of an ingenious hole made in an oven for the purpose of surreptitiously extracting bread, with complete success. The getting and the eating of food, with or without plundering, make a good half of the Sergeant's reminiscences; and he tells at length such stories as how he cooked mutton for his captain after Vittoria in his tin canteen and manufactured a fork by whittling a piece of wood, or how one of his messmates, being in extremity of hunger, killed himself by wolfing a cow's foot—hair, skin, dirt, and all. Plunder pure and simple comes next to foraging without orders. Even in extreme old age the Sergeant delighted to remember how he and his mates dug up some money a Portuguese had buried in a cellar and hid it in calabashes until pursuit had blown over, and then gaily spent it. At times he moralizes. When his regiment was told off to take part in the storm of Badajoz, Lawrence laid a scheme to plunder a certain silversmith's shop he knew of from having been quartered in the town before its surrender to the French. He was to be helped by one Pig Harding and one Bowden. They had heard that three hours' plunder were to be allowed the troops as reward for their toils, which shows how enduring some military traditions are, and likewise proves that the frightful sacking of the town which did take place was premeditated in the ranks. Pig Harding was so sure of his luck that he put a piece of wax candle in his pocket to light them to the work. This pretty scheme went all agley, for Pig Harding fell with seven bullets in his body in the trench, Bowden had both thighs blown off, and Lawrence was shot through the leg while trying to tear up the *chevaux de frise*. "I resolved," he adds, like a man capable of learning from experience, "then that I would never make any more engagements under the same fearful circumstances." Observe, the Sergeant never doubted his moral right to plunder that silversmith's shop. On his way back from that awful breach, the Sergeant found the ladder to the trench encumbered by the dead and dying. One man was hanging by his feet, which had caught between two rungs near the top. Lawrence had to throw him out to make way for himself. Lower down the dead lay so thick that he had to roll over them to reach the ground, and then drag his useless leg behind him up the other side. The callous tone of his whole narrative at this point adds greatly to its effectiveness as a picture of war. Men got hardened among those scenes. Naturally Lawrence does not seem to have been a hard-hearted man. When a French sergeant overreached himself in lunging at him on one occasion, and fell at his feet, it was not without a pang that Lawrence pinned him to the earth. "Still, if I had not killed him he would have killed me," said Lawrence. After Vittoria a wounded Frenchman besought him to stay by as a protection against the cruelty of the Spaniards. Lawrence dared not do that, but he mercifully gave his fallen enemy half his own ration of bread and cheese; then he rifled his pockets of all his portable property, "for," quoth he, "if I had not done it, the Spaniards would." Better that the plunder should go to a stout British soldier, six feet high, than to the Spaniards, who were never good for anything but retreating and falling into disorder. At the end of his campaigns Lawrence came back with his wife (a Frenchwoman, who was the captive of his bow and spear) to his native village of Bryant's Piddle in the county of Dorset. His aged father hurried from church to see him, his mother fell upon his neck, his brethren trooped in from neighbouring villages and gathered round him. He thought it very well for a day or two; then all this sentiment began to bore the man who had stood in the breach at Badajoz, and, before his furlough was up, Sergeant William Lawrence strapped on his knapsack again and tramped back to his regiment at Glasgow. These and other of his reminiscences do not sound very tender or poetical or heroic; but then tenderness and poetry were not what were wanted in the squares at Waterloo, and as for heroism in the common soldier,

\* The Autobiography of Sergeant William Lawrence, a Hero of the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns. Edited by G. N. Bankes. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

that means a good dogged power of standing to be shot at. The Sergeant was not wanting in that power, and it is to be remembered to his credit that he once helped to thrash some scoundrel Portuguese who were engaged in burning to death an unfortunate French prisoner of war.

#### SOCIETY IN THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.\*

THE book, which professes to represent society in the Elizabethan age, actually knocks off the subject in one hundred and forty-five pages only, which would be a most prodigious feat if it even distantly carried out the promise of its title. This, however, it does not do. Its proper title would be "Fragments from the Lives of certain Elizabethan Persons found in the Public Record Office and pieced together, with extracts from their accounts and journals." This would not be an attractive or an effective title, but it would have the merit of being an accurate description of the work so far as it goes. To make the title complete there should be added the words, "With comments, for the most part injudicious, by the compiler." The persons who are put forward to represent Elizabethan society are a certain William Darrell, otherwise known to fame as "Wild" Darrell—it seems a pity to discover that he was not, after all, so very, very wild—Dr. Richard Cox Bishop of Ely, Edward Baeshe, Surveyor of Navy Victuals, Sir Thomas Gresham, Sir John Popham, and one George Stoddart, grocer of London. These people are put forward with a pompous preface to represent respectively the landlord, the bishop, the merchant, the lawyer, and the tradesman of that period. That they existed during the period is undoubted; and their lives are faithfully drawn no doubt. But why they are representative men is nowhere stated. Without some other evidence, for example, one may flatly refuse to accept William Darrell as representing the landed gentry of his time; while Mr. Hubert Hall's attempt to persuade us, in the teeth of history, that all the Elizabethan Bishops were as greedy, grasping, and cringing as Dr. Richard Cox can hardly be intended seriously. The England as portrayed by that great historian, the author of *Westward Ho!* where all the men were heroes and patriots, all were disinterested, all were sincere professors of a pure and reformed faith, has long since been dismissed from our minds; but the tendency to underrate the men of that time, to decry their actions and to blacken their motives should be resisted. It may very well be that, as Mr. Hall puts it, in a sparse population there is a greater preponderance of private interests and a greater reluctance to act together for the common weal than in a great body politic, yet this consideration alone is not enough to make us accept Mr. Hall's characters as typical. A church whose pastors were all like Dr. Cox—even if Mr. Hall admits that he had an answer to the charges brought against him—would have been dragged to the ground in a single generation. A country whose squires were all like the Darrells and the members of the Essex family would have resounded with the execrations and satires of poet and dramatist. In fact, he who would write of English society in any age must read more than old accounts and fragments preserved in the Record Office, which have their use, but do not by themselves enable one to reconstruct the social life of the period. Nothing but the study of the Elizabethan literature and history will make such a reconstruction possible. At the same time, the volume contains much that is most curious and suggestive. Thus, when one thinks of Bacon's sentence and of his observation upon it, the fact that William Darrell could not get his case considered until he had first bribed the Secretary of State with an estate worth 300*l.* a year becomes most interesting. On the other hand, it would be manifestly unwise to jump at once to the conclusion that all judges and magistrates acted in the same manner. Perhaps the most amusing thing in the book is the episode concerning Dr. Thirby, ejected Bishop of Ely. They imprisoned him in the Tower first, and in Lambeth Palace next. He owed his successor, Dr. Cox, a sum of money amounting to nearly a thousand pounds—equivalent to about nine thousand pounds of our money. This money the unfortunate Cox was continually endeavouring to get from him, but without success. Really one fails to understand why a bishop should not seek to recover so large a sum, considering that it was fairly owing to him and that he had every reason to believe that it was withheld by the debtor in contempt of the law. However, Dr. Cox never got that money. And the prisoner not only carried his obstinacy so far as to die intestate in order to baffle his adversary, but so exactly calculated his expenditure as to make his private fortune last out his life almost to a day. He died, leaving behind him no more than five marks, a miserable instalment, even if Dr. Cox got it, out of a thousand pounds.

#### A HISTORY OF NORWAY.†

NO attempt at a History of Norway can be pronounced satisfactory unless it is written in a critical spirit. Wild and stirring stories are to be found in plenty in the *Heimskringla*, and may be read in Laing's translation thereof, but, valuable as that

\* *Society in the Elizabethan Age*. By Hubert Hall. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1886.

† *The History of Norway*. By Hjalmar H. Boyesen, Gebhard Professor of German in Columbia College. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

famous work is, it is not to be treated as though every word in it were above suspicion. What chronicle, indeed, should be so treated? Professor Boyesen, however, seems to have been troubled by no suspicions while writing this little History. He has read the works of certain first-rate modern authorities on his subject, and gives us some of the results of their labours. But he has evidently not taken the trouble to search into matters for himself, and accordingly, though he often walks safely under good guidance, when left to his own devices he cannot avoid the most obvious stumbling-blocks. For example, he tells us that Olaf Haroldsson (Saint Olaf), "during a cruise to England, helped the sons of Ethelred, against the Danes (1008)." Now it is extraordinary that any one could copy this statement without asking himself what sons of Ethelred were thus helped, and why help should have been given to the King's sons and not, as it seems, to the King himself, and indeed should never have suspected that the story was, as it certainly is, a myth formed out of a confusion of two or three historical events. Again, in recording the death of Olaf, he says that the eclipse that took place on August 30, 1030, "fixes definitely the date of the battle" of Stiklestead; while a few pages further on he notes that the 29th of July was appointed to be kept as the day of St. Olaf's martyrdom, and the discrepancy does not appear to have struck him. He probably scarcely appreciates the responsibilities of an historian, for he is content to quote the commonest authorities, such as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and Simeon of Durham, through the medium of a modern German book. Nor has he taken advantage of the light that has been thrown on the early history of Norway by Mr. Gudbrand Vigfusson in the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, and the consequences of this neglect are naturally disastrous. Still, even so, he might, we think, have given us something better than his account of the religion of the Northmen; for he draws no distinction between exceedingly ancient myths, such as the formation of the world out of a giant's carcase, and the late and short-lived system of belief in Walhalla. As regards his explanations of words, it is perhaps a small thing that he appears to mistake the character of the "Berserks"; but we certainly were not prepared to find a professor of a Teutonic tongue translate *gerefa* by "commander," and we may observe that, if he had taken the trouble to read the *Corpus Poeticum*, he would scarcely have repeated the old mistake which explains the nickname of Eyvind Skalda-spiller (the robber of poets, or, as we should say, the plagiarist) as referring to his pre-eminence in verse, which robbed all other poets of the hope of reward. A blind adherence to the *Heimskringla* has led him to accept as historically true the details of the battle of Stamford Bridge, including the "onslaught" of "the English cavalry," as given in the Saga of Harold Hardreke, a matter on which Dr. Freeman has written pages. It can hardly be that the *Norman Conquest* has never made its way into Columbia College, and it is strange that any one should write on this battle without consulting it. However, it must not be supposed that this volume is wholly made up of errors. In the first place it contains a large number of stories from the Sagas, many of them told with much dramatic power; it is decidedly entertaining, and is full of life and action. More than this, Professor Boyesen has certainly profited by the books that he has read on his subject. Although we cannot agree in all he says of the changes wrought by Harold Fairhair, it is satisfactory to find that due prominence is given to his work as the founder "of a State which would support a higher civilization than could possibly be developed among a loose agglomeration of semi-hostile tribes." On the other hand, in the account given of the reign of Hakon the Good, the special significance of the division of the country into "Thing-Union" is altogether missed: each "folk" was to live under its own system of law, or, according to Mr. Vigfusson, was to enjoy its own Constitution. To pass to a later period, the accession of Sverre Sigurdsson is rightly marked as the beginning of a new epoch in the history of Norway, and his struggles with the aristocracy and the Church are adequately recorded. Several notices will be found of the changes by which a new Court nobility was made to take the place of the old tribal aristocracy, and was itself before long reduced to political impotence, while a "proud peasant nobility" of freeholders arose which still constitutes the strongest element in the population. After the union with Sweden in 1319 Professor Boyesen passes quickly over the remainder of his work. Norway received the Reformed Faith from Denmark; but for some time the peasants vigorously resisted the new Lutheran clergy, and the surest way by which a pastor could "inspire respect" was, we are told, "by thrashing the refractory members of his congregation." A brief notice is given of the steps by which the country regained her independence, and the character of the present union with Sweden is clearly stated.

#### HANDBOOK OF JAMAICA.\*

THE official *Handbook of Jamaica* may now be described as almost a model of what such a book ought to be. It contains information of every kind respecting the island; its history, constitution, and financial position; an account of its products, with commercial and labour statistics; details of the working of the medical and educational departments, and a most useful epitome of recent legislation. The part of the book which is intended as a

\* *The Handbook of Jamaica*. London: Edward Stanford. 1886-87.



guide to an ordinary visitor has been revised and extended, and the whole made complete by the insertion of an excellent map, the want of which was much felt in former editions. The events of chief importance to Jamaica in the year 1886 have been the passing of a Poor-law Bill, the representation of the island at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and the earthquake and heavy storms which occurred in the month of June. The Poor-law Bill met with considerable opposition from the City Council of Kingston and other parochial Boards; but the Governor trusts it will give a decent system of poor relief to the island, and, as Sir Henry Norman has hitherto proved a wise and successful administrator, with the good of the colony thoroughly at heart, it may be expected that his instincts are not here at fault. Jamaica was well represented at South Kensington, and formed, as she ought, one of the chief features of the attractive West Indian Court. It is too early yet to estimate the good effect that this display can hardly fail to exercise upon the trade of the colony; but a considerable business has been done in minor articles, which will give a stimulus and work to many hitherto unemployed. The beauties of the vegetation and scenery of Jamaica, already so loudly proclaimed by those who have been there, received wider illustration by the photographs and drawings exhibited in the Court; and it will be no matter of surprise if the part of the handbook devoted to information useful to the tourist should be studied by many who had no intention of visiting the island previous to the Exhibition. The earthquake occurred on June 3, and was felt all over the island. It was a sharp and continuous shock, but the damage done appears to have been confined to the cracking of the walls of houses in some of the country districts. It was followed, however, between the 5th and 10th of June by tremendous rains, which varied from 10 to 12 inches in the N.-W. to 30 or 40 inches in the S.-E., producing disastrous floods. The railway, part of which was only opened in 1885, suffered severely; bridges were carried away, and many hundreds of feet of embankment, while the lands on each side were extensively flooded. In Kingston the water rushed through the streets from the upper parts of the town to the harbour, flooding the lower parts of the stores and undermining walls and buildings. There was much loss of life, and in the country districts proprietors of estates suffered great damage from their cane-fields being submerged, and their cattle in many instances drowned. Another lamentable incident of the year was the drowning on June 27 of fourteen sailors of H.M.S. *Goshawk*, who were attempting to return to their ship in an open boat, when they were caught by a "rotatory gale" in Port Royal Harbour.

The main question, however, which has been "holding the field" in Jamaica during the past year has been the necessity of retrenchment. So long as Her Majesty's Government show themselves unable or unwilling to deal with the system of foreign bounties, and thus allow the chief product of the West Indies to be sold below the natural price, it is obvious that a reduction in wages must take place, and this reduction will not fall exclusively upon the labouring population, nor upon the proprietors, who are the chief sufferers, but also upon the salaries of officials, which are raised mainly by the taxation in some form or other of that industry which is so heavily handicapped. Although there are now 7,000 less acres under cane cultivation than there were ten years ago, the manufacture of sugar remains by far the principal industry of the island. The salaries fixed during the administration of the Government by Sir John Peter Grant were on a scale that the colony could bear only in the most prosperous times. A revision of the scale was made during the years 1883 and 1884 by which a present and prospective saving of 7,473*l.* was effected; but already there is need of further reduction. Sir Henry Norman himself has set an excellent example; he has informed the Legislative Council that, although Her Majesty's Government do not think it advisable to reduce by law the salary of the Governor below 6,000*l.* a year, yet if six of the elected members are in favour of reducing it to 5,000*l.* a year, the votes of the ex-officio and nominated members will not be taken, and the lower salary will be accepted. The list of officials in Jamaica is a very formidable one, and much will have to be done in the way of amalgamating and consolidating offices and departments. In 1885 the salaries and allowances of the judicial officers and clerks of the Lower Courts alone amounted to 20,304*l.*; but under a scheme recommended by a local Royal Commission a reduction of more than one-fourth will be effected. The same process is going on throughout the West Indies. In Demerara the Court of Policy has memorialized the Secretary of State on the necessity of reducing the emoluments of the offices under his patronage. In Barbados salaries have been paid on a more limited scale; but even there it has become necessary to consider whether, to meet the present abnormal state of things, the Civil List may not be remodelled with advantage to the colony.

#### PROFESSOR KNIGHT'S HUME.\*

IF any one were to ask us whether a new book on Hume was wanted, we should find some difficulty in giving an affirmative reply. The late Mr. Hill Burton's *Life and Correspondence of David Hume* is an admirable and exhaustive work, which cannot

be too strongly recommended to those who wish to understand the philosopher as a man. In his critical and hostile introduction to the *Treatise of Human Nature* the late Professor Green made a thorough examination, involving an elaborate statement, of Hume's philosophical principles. Mr. John Morley's *English Men of Letters* contains an excellent monograph by Mr. Huxley, in which, no doubt, an undue proportion of space is devoted to Hume's philosophical and scientific influence, but which is a quite sufficient handbook notwithstanding. Here, however, is Professor Knight, with another brief attempt to save people the trouble of thinking, this time in the shape of a volume of the "Philosophical Classics for English Readers." Dr. Knight has gone over the familiar ground in a conscientious manner, and performed his task, as Mrs. Norton promised to kiss Rogers, "cheerfully." It may be that, in Dr. Knight's words, "an increasing number" of people "feel that, as all knowledge reposes on First Principles—of which Philosophy is the exposition and explanation—some acquaintance with the Speculative Thought of the world is indispensable to every one who would avoid superficiality or escape from illusion." Truisms garnished with capital letters have ever passed—at least since the time of Bulwer Lytton—for profound wisdom. As a matter of fact, very few persons desire to understand the philosophy of Hume, and these few read Hume's own works. But a large number of persons wish to be able to talk about it as if they understood it, and to them Dr. Knight offers himself as a guide. We cannot see why any one should prefer Dr. Knight as an expositor to Mr. Huxley; but this is a free country, and, if the supply of books about Hume, or rather books about books about Hume, should outrun the demand, that is a question for the purveyors. We have not observed in Dr. Knight's pages any addition to our knowledge of the subject, in spite of the "MSS. in the British Museum" to which he refers. There is, however, by way of frontispiece, a very fair reproduction of Hume's portrait by Allan Ramsay. Among matters of minor interest, it may be noticed how, when travelling on the Continent in 1748, Hume wrote to his brother Joseph that, if Germany were united, "it would be the greatest power that ever was in the world." It is difficult to believe that Hume, though not much of a Greek scholar, really wrote, in a letter to James Balfour, of Pitlig, *ἡδὲ καὶ μέμνητο δημοσίων* (p. 56). As a specimen of Dr. Knight at his best, we may quote his very businesslike and straightforward account of the true theory of "miracles." It is simply, of course, a question of evidence in each particular case:—

There is no doubt, however, that Hume is right in his contention that the greater the deviation from the customary order of Nature in any alleged occurrence, the greater the need, not for rejecting it, but for caution in accepting it. And why so? because the evidence of experience is against it. The evidence of a million experiences is against any change in the orderly revolution in the heavenly bodies; but it is not in favour of our pronouncing such a change to be impossible. It is only in favour of the extreme caution in reading that particular chapter or page of the book of Nature, and being absolutely sure that the change has really taken place before we receive it as a fact; and all such matters as the competency of the testator [*Anglice*, witness], his means of information, the state of his faculties, the way in which the evidence reached him, &c., must here be taken into account. It may be safely affirmed that *a priori* it is more probable that the testimony which vouches for the occurrence of what would rightly be called a miracle is erroneous—that is to say, that our senses, or the senses of our informant, have been deceived—than that a real change in the order of Nature has occurred; and therefore that we require evidence of the occurrence of an exception to the ordinary rule strong in proportion to the excess of deviation implied in it. But no experience of the uniformity of the order of Nature can ever warrant us in saying that deviations from it are impossible; and overwhelming evidence of such deviation—if sifted and tested by every available test—would warrant the conclusion that such deviation had actually occurred.

Much of this language is loose and metaphorical, and Dr. Knight would do well not to confuse his simpler readers by writing nature with a big N. But he is correct in his main thesis, which we take to be that there are many odd things in the world, as well as many liars.

#### AN ARCTIC PROVINCE.\*

OUR American cousins are fond of big transactions, and probably few larger or more politic operations have ever been carried out than the purchase of Alaska from the Russian Government. Not that the article was commercially worth the price of more than seven millions of dollars. Alaska, whether consisting of continent or islands, has no cities, no populous villages, no mines, no factories, and little trade. For a century or so sixty distinct Companies of Russian merchants and adventurers had slaughtered seals, exchanged tea and tobacco for furs, bullied unfortunate Aleuts and Innuits, indulged in brutal orgies, tried in vain to set up "agricultural interests," and cleverly managed by indiscriminate massacres to annihilate a race of curious animals known as the Rhytina, Manatee, or Sea-cow. It is admitted that something was done by the Russian commanders and traders to introduce Christianity and civilization amongst the rude islanders, and Mr. Elliot gracefully commemorates the good works of a certain Innocent Veniaminov, who was missionary, priest, and Bishop of Alaska from 1823 to 1843, full of gentleness and charity, but a formidable and athletic Christian, standing six feet three inches in his stockings. However these periods of

\* Hume. By William Knight, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of St. Andrews. Blackwood & Sons.

\* An Arctic Province—Alaska and the Seal Islands. By Henry W. Elliot. Illustrated by many Drawings from Nature and Maps. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

alternate bullying and persuasion were ended just twenty years ago by the foresight of Mr. Seward, the American Secretary of State, who would not hear of a terminable lease on the part of American merchants, but bought the whole territory right out for his own Government. This transaction seems to us an expressive commentary on the conduct of Russian Viceroyalties elsewhere. Placed by the Czar and by nature in cold, barren, and unproductive regions, they must always have a banking after a better and more fruitful country a few more degrees to the South. It was clearly the interest of the Government of the United States to take advantage of a friendly state of mind and buy out the Russians.

The productions, resources, settlements, fauna and flora of this huge tract have now found a capital exponent in Mr. H. W. Elliot. He does not clearly tell us what first took him to Alaska. But he is well versed in zoology and botany. He has endured several winters and summers in one of the most trying and unpleasant climates in the world. His sketches and illustrations, though occasionally blurred and foggy like the atmosphere in which they were taken, are graphic and considerably help the narrative. Copious notes and memoranda of every remarkable incident, changes of temperature, migration of animals, or social habits of the islanders were recorded by him on the spot. He has referred to a large mass of existing literature regarding this unknown region. And he writes with a fulness of knowledge, with an accuracy of observation, a fairness of deduction and comment, and an absence of personal or national vanity, that give additional value to his materials. It is easy to pick out expressions which would offend others besides Mr. Matthew Arnold or Mr. Ruskin. When an American gentleman talks about "elegant weather" we know what is meant. The epithets "cliffy and bluff," if not quite classical, are expressive of an iron-bound coast. "Bunched," rocks, awash i.e. in the sea, flurries of snow, tide-rips, pelagic peltries, a funk for an odour, and "voiced" in English, can all be understood by their contexts. These are the *macula quas aut incuria*, &c. But we have rarely read so engaging a book about a country which even in this exploring age few men would wish to see or would be much the better for seeing. The Highlands of Ethiopia, the basin of the Congo, the Karakum desert seem preferable.

Mr. Elliot's wanderings embraced such settlements as Sitka on the mainland, Kodiak Island, the bay and river of Kuskokvim, the Yukon River and Michaelovsky, the extreme northern settlement of Americans, the bases of Mount Wrangel and Mount Elias, volcanoes, marshes, glaciers, tundras, the great Aleutian chain of islands, and the small group of St. Paul and St. George, and others which derive their name from one Gerassim Pribylov, a Muscovite ship's mate, whose father had been shipwrecked with Behring in 1741, and who himself discovered them just one hundred years ago.

The climate of this enormous region, with very few variations, is everywhere the same; and it is everywhere detestable. The seasons, Mr. Elliot repeatedly tells us, are in reality two in number. There is no blooming spring and no mellow autumn. Winter is a long period of furious gales, blowing for days and weeks from one direction and then right back in another for more days and weeks, of low temperature, where ice never forms properly, of dreariness, dullness, and damp. This lasts from October to the beginning or the middle of May. Then when snow melts and glaciers dribble, comes what is termed the Alaskan summer; a time of moisture and fog. The sun rarely shines, and when it does, the seals prefer the cloud and the rain. A warm current runs up from the Japanese coast and produces effects on the temperature not exactly the same as the Gulf Stream. Trees will not grow. Cereals will not ripen. Attempts to grow potatoes and vegetables and to acclimatize cattle have failed; stunted willow and birches line the borders of streams, and raspberries and huckleberries the flats. The traveller walks over spongy morasses where, in the Far North at least, there is frost two or three inches below the surface. The plague of what Mr. Elliot calls mosquitoes, but what are surely the midges, is simply unbearable. These pests on the Alaskan coast spring into life by the 1st of May, and only disappear with a September frost. Dogs die under their infliction; deer take refuge in water, like the buffaloes in Macaulay's *Lays*; and cloths and skins, rancid oil and thick mittens, are hardly protection to the Togiak or the Inuit. In this region at no time is there the crisp, calm, frosty air of Canada or Russia, with skating and tobogganing, nor do the buds burst into life almost with a sound under the warm sun and soft air which in a week change the face of nature in Kashgaria. In one winter the author, though evidently in rude health, could only take outdoor exercise three times. Natives snooze away their time, consume seal-blubber in vast quantities, and occasionally starve owing to sheer improvidence in not kippering fish. Now and then they hold high festivals, in which masks, dancing, mimicry, and practical jokes play a prominent part. In the memorial feast in honour of a distinguished ancestor described at p. 393 might be traced a faint resemblance to the *svaddha* or sacrificial supper to the manes, observed by Hindus to this day. But even for the most advanced ethnologist it would be a far cry from the Yukon and Kuskokvim river to the Ganges. Many curious features in the social customs of all these tribes are duly noted. Mr. Elliot says little about their languages; but he does justice to such good qualities as they possess—love of wife and child, simple habits, dexterity with the harpoon and the paddle, and boldness

in facing surf and fog in pursuit of sea-lions, fish, and seals. He is constrained to say that the odours emanating from the noble savage are most offensive; that their habitations are often musty and unpleasant; and that though no epidemics have arisen from the decomposed carcasses of thousands of seals, other diseases such as measles and smallpox, introduced by the Russians, have been malignant and fatal. The Alaskan savage, as far as can be discovered, knows nothing of minerals or herbs as specifics. His one remedy for sickness is the sweat-bath. Here and there the Shaman or medicine-man is called in, and plies the patient with tobacco and incantations under which he speedily succumbs. In one or two instances Mr. Elliot records the progress made from filth and stench to cleanliness, and the substitution of a neat wooden house with paper and flooring for the indigenous *Barrakie*, of which an excellent sketch is given. The native has, however, adopted the Russian samovar, the diminutive stove of the Americans, and plated-iron utensils which do not rust and can be easily washed and wiped, and he lines the walls of his dwelling with newspaper cuttings and portraits of the Imperial family and of holy men and women. In due time, we apprehend, the President of the United States will supplant the Czar and the Grand Duke.

Mr. Elliot's chapters on animal life equal or surpass in interest his accounts of Eskimos, Innuits, Sitkans, and Ingaleeks. Indeed every part of his book is the work of a hardy and educated pioneer and naturalist, and not of a traveller for pleasure. A large part of Alaska will for many years remain unknown, as must be the case with a tract 2,000 miles in length and 1,200 in breadth. One of the islands is as far west of San Francisco as that settlement is west of Washington; and the island in the chain furthest to the west is as far from Sitka as this place is from New York. Its mountains might defy Mr. Whymp. An exploring party, organized and equipped by the proprietors of the *New York Times*, and headed by Lieutenant Schwatka, lately returned from an attempt to ascend Mount Elias. Owing to fogs and glaciers these daring adventurers were not able to get higher than 7,000 feet out of 19,000. But this is more than any one else has accomplished, and a young Englishman who has fought at Tel-el-Kebir and ascended Alpine peaks, joined his American cousins and was of much use in the exploration.

#### MISS LEE'S FAUST.\*

WE learn from the recently published letters of the first successful English translator of *Faust* that, in the opinion of no less a man than Manzoni, "the problem stated at the commencement was beyond the author's capacity, or any man's capacity, to solve." The more reason, then, that commentators should give us all the help they can. We can hardly imagine a commentary more satisfactory within restricted limits than that prepared for the Macmillan series of "Foreign School Classics" by Miss Jane Lee. It is at once philological and philosophical, clearing up the numerous difficulties of style and language, and continually bringing out the inner meaning and deep significance of particular passages. Without such a guide the most intelligent reader will lose much, and, however he may appreciate isolated beauties, will fail to apprehend the contribution which almost every line makes to the completeness of the work as a whole. Miss Lee is evidently greatly indebted to the best German commentators; but there is a distinct vein of originality in her notes, and where her guides differ she generally seems to follow the more sensible view. The linguistic section of the commentary errs, if anything, rather on the side of copiousness. It is most important to explain dialectical peculiarities, such as the South German use of *schaffen*, which might mislead good German scholars; it is most profitable to the pupil to be supplied with more elegant renderings of hard passages than he could well have excogitated for himself—since this is to teach English as well as German; but it only fosters indolence to explain such words as *Rumpelkammer*, which can be found in any dictionary. We have noticed only one place where the full force of the original seems to be missed. *Faust's* father surely did not "set a limit to sickness," which must always win in the long run, but to the sickness, a particular pestilence which ravaged the country in his time. This interpretation, if it could be doubtful, would be confirmed by *Faust's* subsequent mention of *die Pest*. The note on the derivation of the word *Rohrdammel* (Anglicè, bittern) seems inconsistent with itself. We are first told that it comes from *Rohr*, a reed, and then that it is derived from the old German *horo*, a marsh. One derivation seems to exclude the other, unless it is meant that *Rohr* itself is derived from *horo*, which fails to account for its apparent affinity to *arundo*. The value of Miss Lee's edition is increased by a brief but admirable introduction, giving the biography of Goethe in so far as it bears upon his *Faust*, the history of the legend and of the composition of the poem, and a short exposition of the moral purpose of the latter. An appendix gives a satisfactory analysis of the Second Part of *Faust*. To Miss Lee's remark that by the conclusion the poem is merely "roofed in," it might be replied that the last scene of all takes place upon an exceeding high

\* *Faust*. By Goethe. With an Introduction and Notes by Jane Lee. Part I. Followed by an Appendix on Part II. London: Macmillan & Co.



mountain. We take this to be an *obiter dictum*, and imagine that her judgment is more accurately conveyed by her own final words:—"In the ending of Faust's life we see the highest glorification conceivable of human creative energy."

#### THE NEW LIBERAL PROGRAMME.\*

THE book before us has, as far as we know, only one merit. Almost every sentence displays folly and conceit; it abounds in misstatements, which can only be excused by invincible ignorance; it dismally fails in its purpose—namely, to state the common programme of the Liberal party; even the manner in which it is printed is vulgar and offensive. But in justice we are bound to admit that in one respect it surpasses works its superior in every other way—it is extremely amusing. Its humour may not, perhaps, be relished by all readers. The Radical party, for instance, may regard it either as a serious work or a bad joke—probably the latter. But for ourselves we can say that we have seldom laughed more heartily than we did over *The New Liberal Programme*. To decide which is the funniest of the many funny things which it contains is difficult; but beyond all doubt the Introduction may be recommended as showing the highest average in a given number of pages. Here Mr. Andrew Reid, if we may so express ourselves, lets himself go. He indulges to the full his powers of poetical description and polished sarcasm. Demosthenes might have envied the terseness of his epigrams; Cicero his sonorous periods. To select any one passage in this inimitable, but all too brief, production will, we fear, do him grievous injustice. Still, we cannot refrain from quoting three sentences. They convey the author's advice to the Gladstonites:—

When we find that the Unionists are making forced marches into our own territory, it has become our imperative duty to occupy as quickly as possible those bold passes and natural situations which place us beyond their reach, and our army in command of the whole country when the next great struggle comes. The Irish Question is a great cause, but it is the evident policy of the Tories to drive us in domestic reform as far back as possible. We should let them exhaust themselves by their rapid marches—pass all the good measures they bring forward as quickly as those measures come in—and then we shall front them on bold and lofty ground, from which we can sweep down upon them and drive them off the plains.

What magnificent imagery, what splendid rhetoric! How fine is that antithesis between "bold passes" and "natural situations"! No doubt to some the epithet "bold" as applied to "passes" may convey no definite idea. Others may assert that it is impossible to assign any satisfactory meaning to the phrase "natural situations" as here used. For cavillers of that description Mr. Reid does not write. Had he been doing so he would have explained to their grovelling intellects why because the Irish cause is great the Tories should be anxious to drive any one back in domestic reform, and whether domestic reform is a "bold pass" or a "natural situation." We confess that, much as we admire the passage as a whole, we have not been able to rise to the level of the last sentence. Where the Tories are marching when we have just been told that they are driving others back in domestic reform; how any measures, however good, are to be passed as quickly as they come in; and what is to happen to the persons who, exhausted by forced marches, are to be driven from the plains, are all difficulties which at present we have been unable to solve.

But the Introduction, excellent as it is, must not occupy all our space. It is followed first by an autograph letter from Mr. Gladstone, which may be passed over, as it has already been published; and then by a number of essays by persons who, we imagine, would describe themselves as statesmen. Far the most distinguished of them is Mr. Henry Labouchere. His essay and that of Mr. Edward Russell are rather tiresome, and should be "skipped"; but the rest will be read with varying interest. To appreciate their humour it must be borne in mind that, as Mr. Labouchere says, the Gladstonian Liberals "must substitute a programme for a name," and that this book is an effort to accomplish that object. If this be remembered, Lord Kilcoursie's attack on Mr. Labouchere's proposal for the glorification of the National Liberal Federation will be transformed from a string of pretentious truisms into an ironical composition of great merit. In the same way, Dr. Parker's demand for the disestablishment of the Church and for justice to the landlords may be usefully compared with the lucubrations of Mr. Page Hopps on the same subject. Indeed Mr. Page Hopps's whole essay should be read attentively. His description of Moses as "trying to run the Hebrew Government by himself" is precisely what we should have expected from the ex-candidate for South Paddington; but we were a little startled, even by him, at reading that the House of Lords was the result of "the accidents of a certain limited number of births." We have always thought that the accusation against peers that they owed their position to "the accident of birth" was rather hard. But even if they may fairly be blamed on that account, we fail to see why the heinousness of the offence is increased by the number of births being limited, which is, after all, a physical necessity. It is not only in this that Mr. Hopps's views on the House of Lords are original. In the very next sentence after he has objected to the limited number of their births, he describes the peers as "individuals all of one type—irresponsible, unkickable, almost invisible." We are bewildered. We have indeed heard the House of Lords described as irresponsible, though why

more so than any one else we never could quite understand. But why they only of Her Majesty's subjects should be safe from being kicked is a mystery which only Mr. Hopps can make clear. Perhaps the explanation should be sought in the subsequent epithet. No doubt a person who was almost invisible would be very difficult to kick. Still, with great respect to Mr. Hopps, we cannot admit that the peers are "invisible." We should have thought it was the very last adjective to apply to such "airy nothings" as Lord Salisbury or Lord Derby. No! we are puzzled. An ingenious friend suggests that Mr. Hopps called on a member of the Upper House to administer that personal chastisement which as one of his order he so richly deserved, and that a hired menial shut the door in Mr. Hopps's face, and thereby hindered the justice of the "Sovereign People." Short of some such incident as this we are at a loss to know Mr. Hopps's meaning, and we beg solemnly to assure him that no member of the House of Lords has any power of even partially disappearing from human ken, and that if Mr. Hopps is prepared to suffer fine and imprisonment for "the cause," he makes kick any lord, or, for that matter, any duke in the United Kingdom.

Mr. Hopps has detained us longer than we intended, and we are obliged to pass over Sir B.—why not Balthazar—Walter Foster's production, merely remarking that it is more like a prospectus of the National Liberal Federation than a political essay. Sir Balthazar is the last of the Liberal leaders who contribute to this book, and it only remains for Mr. Reid in a final chapter to sweep together the shattered fragments of Liberal unity. In such a task he has our sincerest sympathy. To make ropes out of sand is child's play compared to producing a programme on which all Liberals agree. The result of Mr. Reid's attempt is a strange one. The first article of the new Liberal creed is that when a man has more than 1,000 acres the surplus is to be confiscated and given to the labourers. We do not know whether Mr. Reid is a rich man. If not so yet, he will doubtless shortly attain immense wealth. And this, perhaps, is the reason that, with all his dislike of landlords, he has nothing or very little to say against capitalists. He himself gives a different reason. He says that he knows something of the agricultural labourers. Indeed, he draws a touching but rather imaginative picture of himself "when a boy, gathering round their log-fire his own farm-labourers and covering their faces, furrowed like the ploughed fields, with laughter and tears, as they listened to the story of Robinson Crusoe." And from this knowledge he declares that there is urgent need for a thorough change in the Land-laws. We will not go into the details of his scheme; but the feature which most struck us was that Lord Thurlow and Mr. Thorold Rogers (poor Lord Thurlow!) are to be appointed President and Secretary of a new department entitled the State Land Bureau. Mr. Reid's other suggestions are on a par with this one. He wishes for a quite incomprehensible system of proportional representation. He desires a progressive Succession-duty, and he regards the House of Lords as a "sinful institution." But he makes one proposal which is striking and quite original. He keeps it for the very last sentence; and we, too, feel that after it political discussion with Mr. Reid would be out of place. It occurs in a passage on the subject of India. We are assured that the Liberal party deeply feel that they will have to take up a great position towards India. But they must first get knowledge. "This our people can only get by electing native gentlemen from India to our House of Commons. I think," continues Mr. Reid, "that any constituency electing a native of India should be able to return him in addition to their present proportion of representatives, within certain limits." Political insight can go no further.

#### BRITISH CAGE BIRDS.\*

THIS book aims at taking the place of the more modest Bechstein of our youth. It purports to be a complete manual of the management of British birds in confinement. The author has attained some success with a technical work on the care of the canary, and what is sauce for the canary is sauce for the native finches, the goldfinch, the linnets, the greenfinch. In his early chapters Mr. Wallace gives special attention to questions of breeding and housing. He recommends abundance of room in aviaries, and conditions made as much as possible to resemble those which are to be found in the natural haunts of the birds. We turn impatiently to his practical advice, however, and are slightly disappointed to find less novelty than we could expect in the arrangements for newly-settled feathered couples. What his title-page calls the "finely-cut engravings" suggest only the usual one-room front arrangement furnished with a lidless box in one corner, or else, as a special invitation to "wood-notes wild," with half a cocoanut suspended against the wall of wires. In arranging cages for the comfort of birds it is indisputable that the inventor's first thought is still for the amusement of mankind. Some of the less familiar birds will attract the greatest attention. Until we opened Mr. Wallace's pages we certainly never thought of the moorhen as a caged bird. It appears, however, that it can easily be captured with a herring-net at the edge of a pool, and by association with the domestic fowl or duck can be trained to go in and out of the farmyard without attempting to escape, if its wings are tied. Captive moorhens, however, should be supplied with a

\* *The New Liberal Programme*. Edited by Andrew Reid. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

\* *British Cage Birds*. By R. L. Wallace. Illustrated with Coloured Plates and finely-cut Wood Engravings. London: L. Upcott Gill. 1887.

large tub of water, for if this is not done they become invalided, and are, moreover, liable to cramp. Still less amenable to captivity is the shy and sensitive wryneck, a bird which builds its nest high up in old trees, and when disturbed thrusts out its long neck and hisses like a serpent. There are few British birds so difficult to catch alive as the wryneck, and its habits are so stealthy that it must be very difficult to keep it in confinement without destroying its comfort. Mr. Wallace says that a moderate-sized tree should be provided expressly for the wryneck, in an aviary where one is kept. This suggests doing things upon a very extended scale. Water-ouzels are not birds which we should naturally think of confining in a cage. These little elastic balls of brown feathers, which dance and bound on the edge of small cascades on wild pieces of water, seem the most fugitive and untamable of winged things. Mr. Wallace admits that there is the greatest difficulty found in persuading them to take to captivity kindly, unless they are caught very young indeed; and they are apt to die of atrophy, which, we suppose, is much the same thing as a broken heart.

The melancholy part of the study of caged birds is the abundance of diseases to which they are liable. Especially during the winter and the early spring the pathetic little captives are apt to suffer and die in a way which makes the very fact of their captivity a reproach. After examining the grisly catalogue of their complaints, we have come to the conclusion that the excessive dullness of their life in cages drives them to the only indulgence which is possible to them, that of over-eating themselves. The excited bird which falls from its perch, in the middle of a burst of song, smitten with apoplexy; the hot and lumpy bird which is a victim to hepatitis; the corpulent bird whose figure no dandelion leaves or Epsom salts will reduce; the epileptic bird that drags on existence by sipping tincture of lobelia and drops of castor-oil, all these melancholy invalids would have escaped their sad condition if they could have resisted the tempting hemp-seed and the luscious milk-sop. But how are they to drag life through their long monotonous days? In the utter insipidity of aviary-existence, the open and inexhaustible box of food decoys them like a vice, and they succumb to temptation, as Mme. Bovary did, from sheer unmitigated ennui. Sometimes, in the later stages of decline, all reticence is thrown aside, and the unfortunate songster sits all day long at the feeding-trough, shelling and throwing aside the food that it positively cannot swallow, and yet must be handling. In these sad cases, a live spider is sometimes found beneficial, as for hysterical human patients the family doctor may recommend a pantomime or a fancy-ball. We cannot but think that more study might with advantage be given to the question of the food of caged birds, since this seems to be the difficulty upon which their management always strikes. It is curious that bird-fanciers persist in feeding their charges with hemp-seed, probably because the irresponsible little wretches gobble it up with so much greediness. But this is no more a reason for giving it to them than the fact that children like macaroons would be a reason for feeding them daily upon this indigestible dainty. Birds require at least as much care as children in selecting for them, not what they prefer, but what is best.

This book, although it is not very original, will doubtless be found useful by young bird-fanciers. The coloured plates are a little too highly coloured, but they give a very fair notion of the look of the different birds in full plumage. What no pictures will ever do, what experience alone can succeed in doing, is to give young collectors a notion of what birds look like in all the many intermediate stages between the egg and adult plumage. The worst of learning ornithology by illustrations and museum specimens is that the eye becomes familiar only with the perfect bird. If this volume encourages the humane and intelligent cultivation of British songsters in captivity, it will not have accomplished an unimportant mission.

#### THE SANITARIAN.\*

THE development of sanitary science has advanced with rapid strides during the last three decades. Thirty years ago it scarcely had an existence. Our diminished rate of mortality is due to a greater extent to this cause than to improved methods of treatment of diseases. We point this out, not with the intention of sneering at the anxious and too often thankless work performed by our doctors, but to accentuate the fact that preventive medicine is more powerful and far-reaching in its effects than the endeavour to cope with disease. Not only is "prevention better than cure," but it is also easier. Far from this being a slur upon the medical profession, we should probably not be beyond the mark in stating that almost every important sanitary measure has originated with it, and has been pressed by it upon an often unwilling public.

That the scientific men among our American cousins are not a whit behind us in their appreciation of the inestimable value to a nation of due attention to the measures necessary for the preservation of health is abundantly proved by the articles in the nine parts of the *Sanitarian* which we have received. We gather, however, from Dr. Reeves's presidential address to the American

Public Health Association, which is reported in the January number of the *Sanitarian*, that both the National and States Legislatures of that country give but scant encouragement to those bodies which take charge of the public health. We can imagine no agency more likely to rouse the American people, and through them the governing powers, from this disastrous apathy than the diffusion of sanitary knowledge which must result from the study of the journal under consideration. Most of the articles are free from technicalities, and intelligible to those who have no special education in this direction.

In conclusion, we may say that the *Sanitarian* is worthy of the attention of all who are interested in matters bearing on the public health.

#### GREAT HISTORIC EVENTS.\*

HALF a dozen articles that have already appeared in *Chambers's Miscellany* are collected together in this volume. They have no connexion with each other, and appear to be by different authors. As the first deals with the whole history of British conquest in India in the space of some fifty-five pages, it can scarcely be read with pleasure. The narrative is so compressed that the only mention of the battle of Plassey is contained in the sentence—"The intrigue, aided by a battle fought on June 23, 1757, succeeded satisfactorily." The "Story of the Indian Mutiny," which forms the subject of the second article, is told simply and brightly enough. In the "Revolutions and Misfortunes of France" there are signs of hysteria. "Commotion dreadful. The Jacobin Club yelling like fiends all hours of the night. The poor King and Marie Antoinette in calm despair. They expected death, but what was to become of their children?" A few pages later we come to a marvellous instance of close packing. "Madame Roland, also Charlotte Corday (for having stabbed Marat), soon after perished." As the paper on the Crusades informs us that William of Tyre cried, "Ho! Europe once more to the Crusades!" it may have the same origin as that on the French Revolutions. It makes some show of learning, but the quotations it contains are not all, to say the least, taken at first hand; and we venture to hint that the statement that "Prince Edward was the grandson of Oœur de Lion" is scarcely what we had a right to expect from an author who claims an acquaintance with contemporary chronicles. The "Conquest of Mexico" is of a wholly different stamp from the earlier articles in the volume. It is not an abstract from Prescott's History, though it naturally owes much to that charming work. It is an independent narrative, written with considerable vigour, and in a good historical style. With this exception, and it is a bright one, the contents of this book might as well have been left where they originally appeared.

#### FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IN a memorable disparagement of literature Major Pendennis, as is well known, excepted the late M. de Kock because he made him laugh. The exception is not a bad one, and it is eminently applicable to the most elaborate *livre d'étrennes* of a comic kind which appears in Paris this year, *La comédie du jour sous la République Athénienne* (Plon) written by M. Albert Millaud and illustrated by Caran d'Ache. The letterpress, with certain faults of taste, is readable. The illustrations are simply delightful. No one has recently carried that peculiar art of burlesque drawing which is a kind of skilful refinement on the earliest principles and practices of caricature as exhibited on slates to a greater height than Caran d'Ache. Mr. Furniss is academic to him; and when he is portraying M. Grévy's progress, or drawing an unbelievable "plan général de Sarah Bernhardt," he is to be more than highly praised. The portraits, or rather the caricatures, of prominent French statesmen are also very amusing. M. Ferry, with his rough-hewn visage; M. de Freycinet, with his *tête de mort*; the smooth official garb of the Introducer of Ambassadors, the neat military aspect of General Pittié, and so forth are capitally hit off; and some of the fancy sketches of life and society (such as the lamentable history of the conjugal experiences of a learned young woman and her hapless spouse) are better told by the illustrations than by the text. For, to tell the truth, M. Millaud, though, no doubt, he had no easy task, and has frequently discharged it well enough, is here and there a little dull, here and there a little extravagant, and here and there more than a little vulgar. M. Caran d'Ache is never dull or vulgar; and to be extravagant is his vocation.

Some persons will be better pleased than others by the elaborate whole-page compositions (rendered by photogravure in different tints) which M. H. Motte has drawn to accompany M. Pessonneaux's prose translation of the *Iliad* (Quaerin), and indeed the compositions are themselves by no means of uniform merit. Where the subject admits of a kind of fresco, or rather mosaic, treatment—such as the vignette of Athena in her car—and in graceful decorative studies, especially of the nude—such as that showing the Nereids weeping with Thetis—the illustrator has been happy. His battle-scenes and his plates of active life generally seem to us less satisfactory. Yet the ambitious plate of Aphrodite keeping off the beasts from the body of Hector is well conceived

\* *The Sanitarian*. Edited by A. N. Bell, A.M., M.D. New York: European Agency. London: Trübner & Co.

\* *Great Historic Events*. Selected from "Chambers's Miscellany." London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.



and not ill executed. Of the extreme beauty of the reproductions there can be no question, and the volume altogether is one of the handsomest issued this year—a year which does not seem to have been one of favour for the gorgeous and yet not gaudy chromolithographs that used to decorate M. Duruy's *Roman History* and Mme. de Witt's *Chronicles* as they issued Christmas by Christmas for some considerable time.

A very pretty book and an amusing is M. Rollet de Lisle's *Au Tonkin et dans les mers de Chine* (Plon). It is full of illustrations, some of them in black and white, some of them little coloured vignettes in the text, of the kind which M. Poirson's *Gulliver* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* have made familiar to Englishmen. The author describes at first hand that great feat of war at Foochow in which the navy of France, having succeeded in turning a position as friends, proceeded to fire into their friends' back as foes; and there is a full-page picture of the doughty and deceased admiral standing on his quarter-deck, with a ferocious countenance, as much as to say, "If it were only Portsmouth!" Some of M. Rollet de Lisle's stories and remarks are not in the best taste; but he is nearly always good with his pencil.

"Champfleury's" contribution to the *Artistes célèbres* (Paris: Rouam; London: Wood) is one of the very best and most interesting of that rather unequal series. The subject is La Tour—most characteristic perhaps of all the specially French school of the eighteenth century, whose pastels alone would make a pilgrimage to St. Quentin, where they are preserved, worth doing. Hardly anything that M. Champfleury wrote could be other than amusing, but on this occasion he has had a specially ingenious inspiration which adds piquancy to his own. He has asked a distinguished and witty lady of his acquaintance to say what she thinks of the appearance and character of La Tour's gracious sitters, and the result is great fun. Ladies' opinions of ladies' (other ladies') beauty are proverbially not quite the same as the crude male judgment would give, and we are not quite sure that M. Champfleury was not wickedly aware of the fact. But, of course, the chief charm, even where M. Champfleury's pleasant prose and Mme. —'s amusing criticisms are present, lies in the reproductions of La Tour's own work. Nowhere so well as in that work—even though it may be too much the fashion nowadays to belittle Greuze—can the special style of eighteenth-century beauty be studied in which charm and irregular grace, rather than handsome or even pretty features, were the note. As one turns over the pages, Restif and Crébillon *à la mode* occur to the memory; and, indeed, some of the subjects have been dealt with by both. La Tour's great peculiarity seems to have been the complete frankness with which, unlike Greuze, he accepted the *minois chiffonnés* which he and his age specially loved. He never "pretties them up," never seems to be in the least afraid of his pouting beauties being called blubber-lipped or their "nez voluptueusement retroussés" (as Monsieur Nicolas has it in one of his moments of very dubious repentance) being dismissed as snubs by some rude person. And yet he always makes them delightful and sometimes, as in the case of his special favourite, Mlle. Fel, quite exquisite. The famous Camargo is perhaps the least attractive of the bevy; and Mme. de Pompadour as here given by La Tour's unflattering brush is rather a very interesting physiognomical study than a beauty. But Marie Louise de La Fontaine Solare de La Boissière is almost equal to Mlle. Fel, and is a more finished portrait than was usual with La Tour.

*Les aventures merveilleuses de Fortunatus* (Librairie des Bibliophiles) is an exceedingly handsome book in shape, size, and printing; but the illustrations are rather niggling, consisting of small black-and-white vignettes in the text, which show neither very great comprehension of the way to illustrate this kind of story nor very great intelligence of the particular fable. Yet the story itself is always charming.

A translation of a very specialist and learned work appears in the first volume of Kondakoff's *History of Byzantine Art*, turned into French by M. Trawinski (Paris: Rouam; London: Wood). Such a book is hardly suitable for brief notice, especially in an incomplete form. The illustrations suffer a little from the want of colour; a want more important in regard to Byzantine art than perhaps in regard to any other.

No handsomer book comes before us this season than M. Eugène Plon's magnificent monograph on Leone and Pompeo Leoni, a stately quarto (Plon) of some five hundred pages, lavishly illustrated by full-page engravings and heliogravures representing the sculptural and other work of the artists. The letterpress is no mere reasoned catalogue, but abounds in documents, and the whole book constitutes one of the most thorough treatments ever accorded to any artists.

We do not know which will appeal most to the curious—a French translation of *Huckleberry Finn* or the French illustrations that accompany it (Hennuyer). At any rate, it is not necessary to say anything about Huck himself. As for the embellishments of M. Sirouy, it is clearly impossible to criticize them for this simple reason. We *Bretons bretonnants* (in another sense) can see what Huck looks like to other Britons; we can probably see what he looks like to Americans; we can (those of us who are gifted with the critical faculty) see what he looks like to the eye of universal criticism. But we cannot see him as he appears to a Frenchman; we can only diffidently calculate and approximate to that revelation. Very likely M. Sirouy has illustrated Huck exactly as he ought to be illustrated for the

eyes which, for the most part, will see him; and what more can any one ask?

As for *Nos chéries*, by "Mars" (Plon), very much the same remark comes in. Perhaps in no respect, though they have done us the honour to borrow a world of nursery terms, do Frenchmen differ more from Englishmen than in the form of their baby-worship. The French child, both in real life and in books, is apt to appear to the Briton an over-dressed, spoilt, artificial little mortal, to whom, if he be of the male sex, the treatment which Billy Dowsing (we think that was his respectable name, or was it a dowsing that he gave?) administered to the object of Tommy Merton's misplaced charity would be most appropriate, while if she be of the female, a longer and plainer frock and a much stricter system of education would be likely to conduce to her own welfare and her future husband's comfort. But perhaps these sentiments are brutal; and certainly *Nos chéries* is a very pretty book.

There need be no brutality in any remarks on another book which MM. Plon also send us—the admirable *Equitation puérile et honnête* of "Crafty." The eminent Crafty has, for purposes of both pen and pencil, taken that noble animal, the horse, to be his province in France, and neither the horse nor France has any reason to complain. Great fun is Crafty, with both his implements, and we wish him long life and a complete freedom from the disasters which befel his namesake in nickname, Sir Walter Scott's portly publisher.

The value and beauty of the *Livre d'or du Salon*, which M. G. Lafenestre has now for some years annually produced (Librairie des Bibliophiles) as a gift-book are well known. It is not merely a collection of carefully reproduced examples, but a catalogue of the prize pictures, and as such of historical no less than of ephemeral interest.

M. Barron's *Les environs de Paris* (Quatin) is another book which ought to have a much wider than Parisian circulation. Many of the places which it describes are known to all the world, and the lavish woodcuts (to the number of five hundred in all), the work of a single artist, M. Fraipont, usually vignettised or adjusted in more or less decorative fashion to each other and the text, and distinguished by a much fresher and more truthful air than the usual guide-book view, make it a most interesting volume to turn over. Indeed, for such a purpose it is second to few, if any, of this year's *étrennes*.

A fresh volume (the fourth) of MM. Perrot and Chipiez's massive *History of Ancient Art* cannot be reviewed here; but it can as little be passed without notice, especially as it, like its predecessors, makes its appearance at Christmas-book time. It deals with Judea, Sardinia, Syria, and Cappadocia, thus continuing the Phœnician section.

A new edition of Mlle. Cellier's *Les reines de France* (a less elaborate book than Miss Strickland's) falls to be noticed here chiefly because it has a dozen illustrations (Ducrocq), some of them not, it must be said, of any very great beauty in any sense. If Sainte Otilde resembled her portrait, it certainly cannot have been her charms that converted Clovis. Blanche of Castille as depicted is in one sense somewhat more worthy of the scandal which (very unjustly, it seems) used to be talked of her and the Troubadour King; and the ill-treated Berthe au grand pied is really pretty. Isabeau de Bavière looks as if she possessed some good looks and considerable humour; but the portrait of Anne of Brittany is even less flattering than that generally given; and the artist has been unlucky in his choice of an original (if indeed there are any originals, which has been doubted) of Mary Stuart. The earlier chapters of the letterpress are much the fullest and most interesting; but it is continued down to the flight of Louis Philippe, who disembarked, we are glad to learn, at "New-Hawen," and journeyed thence to "Craydan" station.

M. Quantin is not so lavish with children's books as he was last. His chief is a pretty *Bébé d'Alsace et de Lorraine*, illustrated in Kate Greenaway style. But why Alsace and Lorraine? some one may say; to which we can only reply that Frenchmen have always been fond of the story of the oath of Hannibal.

Two good and specially well-illustrated books of popular science are published by M. Ducrocq, one entitled *Promenades en forêt*, which explains itself; and the other, *La roselière*, which is about fresh-water birds, fishes, &c. They are dressed up in the usual quasi-fictional garb, and like others from the same publisher which we have noticed before would make good nursery French reading books, though they are almost too pretty for such a fate. *Le secret de Mlle. Marthe*, from the same publisher, is a still larger and handsomer book of the same class.

Of more direct stories, sometimes, and indeed generally, illustrated, we have a good parcel before us. *Le petit monde* and *Bébé en vacances* for very small children (Quatin), a batch of handsome square 16mo. volumes, *L'hiver à la campagne*, *La nuit de Noël*, *Mlle. Trymbalmouche*, and *L'enfant des Voyages*, all plentifully adorned with cuts, and strikingly cheap, from the same publisher; a bound volume of *Héroïnes du devoir* (Hennuyer), and a handsome *Quand j'étais petit*, by M. Lucien Biart (Plon).

Lastly, we must note the usual and always excellent half-yearly volume of the *Journal de la jeunesse* (Hachette).

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE conductors of *Les Lettres et les Arts* (Boussod, Valadon, et Cie) have had a good opportunity of justifying the existence of that elaborate periodical, and have seized it. No paper less sumptuously equipped could have given to its readers anything like the article on "Le Château de Chantilly," equal to a small book in size, and far superior to most books, large or small, in embellishment, which forms the chief attraction of the December number. Maps, plans, and views of every sort and kind, with a portrait of the Duc d'Aumale as a kind of frontispiece, have been lavished on it, and the article itself—an historical sketch from the well-proved hand of M. Maurice Tournoux—is not unworthy of its adornments. The other items are interesting, but not particularly remarkable; the chief being a "Vol d'Amours," by M. Ch. Chaplin, executed in a less luscious style than some of his work, and having set to it as a legend some very charming verses by M. Armand Silvestre, who seems to take a pleasure in showing now and then that writing witty but not very clean prose has by no means spoiled him, when he chooses, for excursions into the finer element. M. Anatole France, too, who contributes a story, is never contemptible; and M. Abraham Dreyfus, who supplies a kind of drawing-room drama, is always amusing. The page illustrations of this last, each giving a single figure, are rather curious.

Of two volumes of poems before us (1), one is translated, the other original. A volume of poetical translations into a language which is not the reader's must always have but an interest of curiosity; yet M. Vallon deserves the praise of having cast his net widely and of having dressed some of the fish it has caught with skill and dexterity. M. Malan's *Feuilles éparses* (2) are not numerous, and seem to have been composed at different periods. The inspiration of Lamartine (not in its most feminine form) seems to have been strongest on the author; and his verses have grace and charm.

Three sumptuous reprints from the Jouaust press come together (3, 4, 5)—one modern, one ancient, one foreign. We do not know whether it is a crotchet, but we always have a notion that such extraordinarily careful and sumptuous presentation as that of the "Bibliothèque artistique" ought to be kept for the dead. But, if this is unreasonable, M. Barbey d'Aurévilly perhaps has as much claim to the honour as any one. If his popularity has never been great, and if his merits have been very strenuously, and sometimes very sharply, questioned, he has had the luck during a long life to gather suffrages not to be despised, and there is something delightfully combative about him. Militant persons have always been indulged with handsome uniforms. And certainly this uniform, with M. Jouaust's exquisite printing and M. le Blant's etchings, is handsome enough in all conscience. As for Werther, nobody is likely to contest his claims; and in the purgatory of suicides a gentle tear of sensibility and gratitude will doubtless bedew his far from unaccustomed eye if they let him see a copy. Mme. Bachelery has done a very nice new translation; M. Paul Stapfer has successfully set his very competent knowledge and excellent taste to the task of writing a preface, and M. Lalauze (here better parted perhaps than in dealing with Molière or Le Sage) has contributed some excellent little etchings. There is the immortal cutting of the bread and butter, and the well, and the pear-tree, and the canary, and Charlotte "expressing the most noble sentiments," at the critical moment, and the same excellent lady dusting the pistols. It is, unfortunately, impossible to speak of *Werther* quite seriously; so much has the general sentiment changed since its day, and so wicked has been the wit spent on it in the last hundred years. But if any one thinks that the want of seriousness implies disrespect, he makes a very great mistake. As for the third book, the amiable Florian is as amiable as ever in it—and as feeble. Until somebody (which heaven forbid!) deprives the world of La Fontaine, it will never be quite possible to regard Florian with proper respect. The comparison is so unlucky and so inevitable! But comparisons are always wrong; and Florian was really a most respectable person. M. Emile Adan's illustrations are of varying merit, but "La fable et la vérité," the frontispiece, or at least the piece fronting the first page of text, is very pretty. M. Honoré Bonhomme, who supplies the preface, has certainly not fallen in with the modern trick of undervaluing his author.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE majority of readers who take up Mr. Donald Mackenzie Smeaton's *The Loyal Karens of Burma* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) will be ready to exclaim, "Burmans and Shans we know, but who are the Karens?" Mr. Smeaton's reply comprises a prefatory chapter, wherein is set forth the why and wherefore of Karen loyalty, and an interesting sketch of the history, customs,

folk-lore, and speech of the Karens, compiled from observations of the author during five years' civil service in Lower Burma. Thirty or forty years ago, says Mr. Smeaton, the Karens were despised by the Burmans, though separated from them as a peculiar people, like the Israelites in Canaan. Now they are partly converted to Christianity, full of zeal in educational progress, and inspired by a strong sentiment of nationality. Mr. Smeaton's introduction throws a vivid side-light on the complexity of the Burmese question and the difficulties of administration. It is made up chiefly of a series of letters written between February and October 1886, by Dr. Vinton, an American missionary, who describes in detail his endeavours to organize the Karens of his district to put down Dacoity. These letters are at once a plea and a protest. They plead for official recognition of the services of the Karens, and they protest very vehemently against what the writer considers the ill-judged action of the Rangoon authorities. Dr. Vinton brings a heavy indictment against the Government House officials, charging them with hindering loyal men while indirectly rendering the ways of evildoers smooth. Of his serious assertions Mr. Smeaton observes, "Dr. Vinton's feelings may possibly be a little embittered by the coldness of the authorities towards his people," though, he adds, "his facts are clear and plain." If this be so, and making due allowance for the warmth of a militant missionary, the loyal Karens certainly appear to have been indelicately snubbed by the authorities. It is not difficult to perceive, however, that the Government may have been a little embarrassed between the effusive loyalty of the Karens and the necessity of conciliating Burmese officials and the priesthood. Self-armed and voluntary allies are not always an unmixed blessing. The controversial matter in Mr. Smeaton's book demands fuller elucidation before judgment may be pronounced on the rights or wrongs of the Karens.

If there is any form of historical compilation that should illustrate Professor von Ranke's first law of the historian—"the strict representation of facts"—it is the "short history" or abridgment. This law is not altogether rigidly observed in *A Concise History of England and the English People* (Hughes), by the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox. The main purpose of this sketch is, we are told, to make "as prominent as possible the personal career of the chief actors in the several parts of the great drama." Anything approaching this desideratum is rendered impossible by the capacity of this volume. Such prominence, for instance, as is accorded to Cromwell in these pages can scarcely be said to amount to a vital presentment. When we come to plain statements of fact, we find small cause to congratulate the historian on that dry exactitude which is the German historian's ideal. What can be more inexact than Sir G. W. Cox's measure of the influence and significance of Milton's poetical publications? The *Paradise Lost* and the later poems he considers a protest against the "inroad of uncleanness" that marked the Restoration; "they may also be taken as proving that to the heart of the English people the distinction between right and wrong, between purity and lewdness, was as strongly marked and as clear as ever." Even if Milton's poetry enjoyed a wide circulation among the people, like the works of Bunyan, this were still a large deduction to make.

*A Short History of Ireland* (Dublin: Herbert), by Jane Emily Herbert, is a brief epitome of facts, free from disquisition of any kind. Miss Herbert's narrative takes a plain, straightforward course, from the dawn of Christianity in Ireland to the year 1798, and as a careful, unpretentious compilation may be commended to young beginners in historical studies.

*The Victorian Half-Century* (Macmillan & Co.) is a Jubilee volume, written in excellent taste by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge. The material is very skilfully handled, the style is attractive and fluent, and the treatment of the subject deftly combines clearness and condensation. The artistic continuity of this little book is a noteworthy feature. It has none of the rugged intervals that characterize most of its class, and fuses history and biography in self-contained unity.

The ever-increasing "Bohn's Standard Library" is augmented by Mr. Philip A. Ashworth's translation of Professor von Ranke's *History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations* (G. Bell & Sons), an important addition to the somewhat limited Historical section of this popular Library.

Mrs. Feilden's *My African Home* (Sampson Low & Co.) is a diffuse description of Bush life in Natal in 1852-7, culled from the author's home letters and journals. Much in the book can interest no one apart from the circle of the writer's friends, though the diligent reader may hap now and then on observations that may interest and entertain, together with a good deal of descriptive writing that gives a truthful and graphic picture of Natal in the early years of colonization. Occasionally the book leaves the curious impression that we are admitted to confidences not intended for the profane public, as when the writer touchingly confesses "The Rev. Robert Montgomery told me he often watered his pillow with the tears of feeling" (p. 349). The illustrations of white or piebald Kaffirs and Zulus are very rude specimens of wood-cutting. The portrait of "Umlimba, wife of Mazabani," is a fearful problem for anatomists.

For the "Camelot Classics" Miss Mathilde Blind edits, with an appropriate and critical introduction, a selection of *Lord Byron's Letters and Journals* (Walter Scott). The new volume of the "Canterbury Poets" is a selection of translations, *The Sonnets of Europe* (Walter Scott), edited, with notes, by Mr. Samuel Waddington. This little book is compiled with excellent judgment and taste, and covers a wide field of literature. Among the

(1) *Ecrie de poésies*. Traduites par François Vallon. Paris: Lemerre.

(2) *Feuilles éparses*. Par T. D. Malan. Genève: Bérond.

(3) *Le chevalier des Touches*. Par Barbey d'Aurévilly. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(4) *Les souffrances du jeune Werther*. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(5) *Fables de Florian*. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.



versions now first published are not a few that are both elegant and spirited.

Mr. F. A. A. Skuse contributes to the "Young Collector" series of Natural History handbooks *British Stalk-eyed Crustaceans and Spiders* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) The conjunction is scarcely happy, though it may be defended as convenient, if not on structural or analogical grounds. The illustrations are quite up to the standard of this useful series.

We have received from Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, & Downes, a selection from their large and varied assortment of Diaries and Almanacs, all of which present their well-proved qualities of usefulness, compactness, and good paper and print.

Messrs. Duncan Campbell & Son, of Glasgow, forward the "Robert Burns Calendar," a Block Calendar fitted with a back-support for desk or table, and in this respect differing from the more usual form. It is very legibly printed and furnished with capital mottoes from the Scottish poet.

Messrs. John Walker & Co. are the publishers of several extremely pretty bijou volumes that are acceptable presents for the season. Of these we have Caroline Norton's *Bingen on the Rhine*, in neat cloth binding, with clever illustrations, and Gray's *Elegy*, illustrated by Alfred Woodruff, and tastefully bound in blue.

Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co.'s new round game "Posies" may be played by three or more persons, is very simple in scope, clearly defined by rules, and a really pretty diversion. It is composed of a pack of floral cards, to which different values are ascribed, and will afford young people plenty of amusement, if the printed regulations be strictly followed.

From Messrs. Longmans & Co. we receive popular sixpenny editions, with numerous woodcuts, of Lady Bramesey's *Sunshine and Storm in the East*, and *In the Trades, the Tropics, and the "Roaring Forties."*

The *Vanity Fair Album* has completed its eighteenth yearly issue. There is perhaps more diversity of style in the portraits of the new volume than in bygone years, though it contains not a few examples that compete in spirit and piquancy with the best of past albums. The editor's intention of giving new portraits of celebrities long since presented, with biographical notes written to date, is decidedly a good notion.

The "Miniature Tennyson," the latest form of the collected works of the Poet Laureate, is issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in two sets of well-printed, neatly-bound volumes, packed in boxes. In this enticing edition the Poetical Works occupy ten volumes, and are separated from the Dramas, which are contained in four.

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